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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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HOLLOW'S MILL, WHERE THE HEROINES OF "SHIRLEY" WATCHED THE RIOT.

. . . Our Discontent

THE list of American writers who declares themselves ready to support the American Communist party is not unimpressive, but no more impressive than the eagerness of many more American writers in the years since the war to contribute to a literature of discontent far wider than any Communist program. Nor is this tendency confined to America. The strong imagination that in other periods has painted for the unliterary pictures of new customs, of new societies, which were often misleading, yet provocative of hope and change, has been noticeably absent. Readers who tried to look forward through literature have seen little to encourage them. The books in which one would willingly live all deal with the past; the present is like a city block in process of demolition; the future is abstract or negative. We are told by the discontented what we must lose, but not in any way that touches the imagination what may be gained. No one writes of a City of God, or a Paradise Regained, or Utopia, or a state of life that seems worth a revolution or even evolution Perhaps this is natural in a realistic and disillusioned age, but is it normal, and is it a credit to the literary imagination?

Profit seeking may have reached the point where only stupidity can keep it going much longer, but who gives us vigorous and beguiling pictures of its opposite? Where are the eidolons, as Whitman would have called them, which stir the imagination? Not in Russia certainly, nor in Italy, nor anywhere on earth. Technology may have so far outreached the control of man by man as to justify the worst fears of those who think that our society is like a too small boy with a too large pen knife, but where is Samuel Butler's successor who can distil from all the chatter about the machine as man's best friend or man's worst enemy, some liquor of the imagination to intoxicate us with a vision of a society where the problem is worked out of economics into terms of living? The solution does not have to be correct, no human solutions are entirely correct—Rousseau's was not, nor even Plato's—but banners, or perhaps today we should say bill boards and guide posts, have to be lifted somewhere, sometime. The books on recovery and reconstruction and rediscovery and revolution pour from the presses, but their facts do not seem to sink in. No first-rate imaginative writer in our time has a vision of a possible future as clear and as inspiring as Shakespeare's conception of monarchy, yet Shakespeare had far less reason to be concerned with futures, and indeed was far less concerned with them, than any responsible and thoughtful writer today.

It is, to put it mildly, discouraging that the writers of fiction and drama here in America, when not content to study manners as such, should give the last ounce of their energies to an almost sadistic attack upon things as they are, with not the slightest realization that a diet of pure negations will choke even a pessimist. No wonder that the witty and the frivolous get read by the multitude, while the serious and philosophical are only talked about. And note that there is very little righteous anger in this literature of discontent, very little emotion of any kind. It is cold, because the work of demolition is cold. There is excitement, but no mounting enthusiasm, in the job of tearing down a house. And yet the materials for an imaginative reconstruction of society encumber the ground. There never was so much solid fact, sound knowledge, well tested theory, instructive analysis, ready to be picked up by any imagination strong enough first to coördinate and then to transform it into patterns of life. Science, even the marginal science of psychology, or of sociology, has run far ahead of the emotional perceptions of the races. But science unabsorbed by the imagination is self-destructive; that is proved by the complete failure of popular education to make the masses realize that progress and technological advance are not necessarily identical. Grant us, O Lord, a Butler, a More, a Rousseau, a Whitman, or someone as gifted, yet sounder than any of them, before it is too late!

On the High Steed

By JOSEPHINE STRONGIN

OH bitter of heart
Oh sender down of the blood drops
Drawer down of the bird—
Lurer, and overtaker.
Bringer to the ground, Oh heavy holder
Heavy panderer and partaker
Never to be striven against
Never to be escaped from!
Oh mounted on the high steed—never to be eluded!
Oh rider down
Bringer to bear and bender of all lives.

Charlotte Brontë

By REBECCA WEST

THIS generation knows that Charlotte Brontë's own generation gave her too high a place in the artistic hierarchy when it exalted her above her sister Emily, but is itself tempted to place her too low because of the too easily recognizable naïveté of her material.

It is true that the subject matter of all her work is, under one disguise or another, the Cinderella theme which is the standby of the sub-artist in fiction and the theatre, all the world over and in any age. She treats it in the form it takes in the hands of those who have moved just one degree away from complete naïveté: instead of it being supposed that Cinderella has the advantage of physical beauty over the Ugly Sisters, it is supposed (as an absolute and more magical compensation to the sense of inferiority which weaves and needs the story) that it is they who are beautiful, and she who is ugly, though possessed of an invisible talisman of spiritual quality which wholly annuls that disadvantage. This is the theme of "Jane Eyre" and "Villette," and, with certain elaborations and feints, of "Shirley" also; and it cannot be denied that we have grave reason to associate it with work which is not artistic at all, which sets out not to explore reality, but to nourish the neurotic fantasies with which feebler brains defend themselves from reality.

Charlotte Brontë also uses material which many people denounce as naïve with, I think, less foundation. She records oppressions practised by the dowered on the dowerless, and by adults on children, and seems to many of her readers absurd and unpleasant when she does so; but that is perhaps not because such incidents never happen, but because we dislike admitting that they happen. There is hardly a more curious example of the gap we leave between life and literature than the surprise and incredulity recorded by successive generations of Brontëan commentators at the passages in the sisters' works which suggest that the well-to-do are sometimes uncivil to their employees. In actual fact, all of us, even today, if we were connected with a young girl who was going out into the world as a governess, would feel an anxiety that she should be with "nice people," which would imply a lively fear of what nasty people are capable of doing to governesses; but these commentators write as if Charlotte and Anne must have been the victims of hysterical morbidity when they implied that governesses were sometimes treated rudely, although the idea then prevalent, that one was divinely appointed to one's social station, cannot have improved the manners of employers. . . .

We may suspect, then, that the common objection to this material is not that it has no correspondence with reality, but that it is intensely embarrassing for us to contemplate. The feeling of inferiority, under which we all labor, may find a gratifying opportunity for self-pity in the accounts of the suffering which superiors can unjustly inflict on their inferiors, but only if they are not too vivid; for if they are, then we feel terror at the quality of the universe. And if that be so when the accounts refer to the relatively remote symbolism of social matters, which we all of us can discount by reference to some other system of values which we have devised to suit our special case, how much more will it be so when they refer to the actual and agonizing experiences of our childhood! In these days one is weaker than nearly all the world. However kindly one is treated, one is frustrated and humiliated, one's natural habits are corrected, and one's free speech censored; and if one is not kindly treated, one can take no revenge, one is without means of protecting one's dignity. There must be something shameful in such a phase to an organism as much in love with the idea of its own free will as the human being. Thus the description of Jane Eyre's ill-treatment at the hands of the Reeds, and the sufferings of the pupils at Lowood, revive a whole series of associations in the readers' minds which the more imaginative and intellectually developed among them will hate to recall. They will turn from Charlotte Brontë's work with the accusation that it is infantile; but what they mean is that she exposes her own and their infantilism. . . .

But color is lent to the suspicion that Charlotte Brontë is not an artist but a sub-artist, that she does not analyze experience, but weaves fantasies to hang between man and his painful experience, by her frequent use of the sub-artist's chosen weapon, sentimental writing. This also is a feature of her work which is specially repugnant to the present generation's hyper-sensitiveness to the superficial decorum of literature; and it remains an indefensible defect. But it adds to Charlotte Brontë's power over our attentions, because in so far as she discloses it with her unequalled ardor and honesty, she gives us a picture of the eternal artist

This Week

"THE BRIGHT TEMPTATION."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"INVITATION TO THE WALTZ."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY."
Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON.

"MY SISTER MY BRIDE."
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

"READING, WRITING AND REMEMBERING."
Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"LADY CAROLINE LAMB."
Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

"THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"LEISURE IN THE MODERN WORLD."
Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN.

"YONDER LIES ADVENTURE."
Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"SAD INDIAN."
Reviewed by ELIZABETH S. SERGEANT.

Next Week, or Later

MARY AUSTIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

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experiencing an eternally recurrent misadventure.

For Charlotte Brontë's tendency to sentimental writing was not due to an innate inaptitude for the artistic process, but to the pressure of external circumstance. In one important respect her life was unfavorable to the practice of art. This was not loneliness and privation: Emily Brontë, suffering the same portion of these ills, was the complete artist. It was not the misconduct of her brother Branwell, though that was a contributing factor to it. It was her specially acute need to make, by separate and violent acts of the will, the place in the world for herself and her two younger sisters which should have been made for them by their elders. Her realization of this need must have been panic-stricken and desperate, for the whole of her life was ravaged by a series of progressively bitter disappointments in the protection which children expect from adults and which women expect from men.

Mrs. Brontë died of cancer when Charlotte was five years old, and for some time before her death the progress of her malady and her regular confinements prevented her from giving her children much attention. Mr. Brontë was an eccentric recluse whose capacity for parenthood seems to have been purely physical. Even before he had taken to the bottle, he took no trouble to provide his children with either his own sympathy or proper companionship, or any but the barest preparation for adult life. Mrs. Brontë's sister, who came North from Cornwall to take charge of the orphaned children, disliked Yorkshire, retired to her bedroom, and cared for none of them except Branwell. From the terrible matter-of-factness with which Emily and Charlotte Brontë draw (in Nelly Deans and in Bessie), the servant whose unimaginative cruelty changes to a not very reliable kindness, one sees that there was no steady comfort for the children in the kitchen. It was in her sister Maria, the oldest of the family, that Charlotte found a substitute for her mother; we know that from the portrait

REBECCA WEST.

During the years when it was becoming plain that Branwell was going to be of no help to them, but "a drain on every resource," Charlotte became more and more desperate. By this time, it is interesting to note, she was half-blind. But if no one would give her and her sisters their fair share of life, she herself would see that they got what she could snatch; and she snatched far more than one would think possible. The astounding thing about the Brontës' life is not its emptiness but—considering the bareness of Haworth Parsonage—its fulness. There were several friends; there was a good deal of employment, including the Brussels expedition; there was the literary adventure. And it was Charlotte who made the friends, Charlotte who found the teaching posts, Charlotte who wrote the letters to the publishers. Now, it is easy to sneer at these achievements, on the ground that the greatest of the three sisters, Emily, found them purely vexations, since she was shy of strangers, loathed leaving the moors of

About the time of Charlotte's ninth birthday, then, the negligence and death of her elders left her with her own way to make in the world. But that is an understatement, for it supposes her burdenless. It would be more accurate to say that she became the head of the family, with one brother and two sisters, all deeply loved, dependent on her for everything above the bare physical necessities of life. The records of the Brontës' childhood show her eagerly answering the call to leadership; but she was not then altogether to be pitied. She was still supported by her penultimate hope. Whatever the defections of Mr. Brontë, they would not be without a man to look after them as soon as their brother grew up. It is confessed honestly and radiantly in Charlotte Brontë's books how she craved for the support that the child-bearing faculty of woman logically entitled her to expect from man, and there was a special factor in her environment to give intensity to that craving.

Victorian England was a man's country. She might well have hoped that with Branwell Brontë's fine natural endowment he would easily find a place in it, and that she would see herself and her sisters decently maintained or helped to decent employment. But she was still a girl when it became apparent that Branwell, in spite of all his brilliant promise, was growing up, not into a man, but into a pathetic nuisance, who would not even decently maintain himself. For the sixth time natural supports had failed her. She knew the terrible fear felt by the young who begin to suspect that they are going to be cheated out of the fulness of life; and she was not fearful for herself alone, but also for Anne and Emily, in whose gifts she had faith, and for whose health she had every reason to fear. She had seen her two elder sisters die, and she had probably forebodings that she was to see the other two die also. It is known that she had such forebodings about Anne.

strove for the survival of herself and her belongings with the balance of her impulses. It was hardly to be expected that reverence for Emily's genius should oust the desire to keep her alive, and any change which removed her from the rigors of the parsonage must have at first seemed favorable to that end. There is nothing to be said against Charlotte's frenzied efforts to counter the nihilism of her surroundings, unless one is among those who would find amusement in the sight of the starving fighting for food.

In the sphere of life they were unquestionably noble; but it unfortunately happened—and here lies the disconcerting value of Charlotte as a revelation of the artist type—that in the sphere of art they had a disintegrating effect. They committed her to a habit of activism which was the very antithesis of the quietism demanded from the artist. In her desire to make a place in the world for herself and her family against time, she could let nothing establish itself by slow growth, she had to force the pace of every intimacy and every action, which means that she had constantly to work upon people with the aim of immediately provoking them to certain emotions. Sprightly or touching letters had to be written to the friends to keep them near in spite of distance; Miss Branwell had to be induced to finance the Brussels expedition, and Mrs. Wooller had to have her interest in the new school kept warm; Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Lockhart, and De Quincey had to be addressed in the vain attempt to rouse their interest in Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. In fact, she was forced to a passionate participation in a business of working on people's feelings exclusive of the true business of art, and the root of the evil that we call sentimentality.

This, therefore, was Charlotte's special temptation: she was so used to manipulating people's feelings in life that she could not lose the habit in her art, and was apt to fall into sentimentality. All her novels are defaced to varying degrees by passages which have nothing to do with the organic growth of the story, and are inspired simply by guess work as to the state of the reader's feelings. It would be easy to point to many pages in Charlotte Brontë's novels where sentimental writing has been allowed to destroy the structure of the work. The obviousness with which what was a virtue in Charlotte Brontë's life became a vice in her art, makes her one of the most disconcerting among great writers to contemplate. She is suspended between the two spheres of art and life, and not in a state of rest. She is torn between them. But where this generation will probably err is in supposing that her plight is unique, her helplessness before this temptation a personal defect. There is sentimentality in every age, even in our own; and we swallow it whole if its subject-matter is not of a sort that arouses suspicion. That was where Charlotte Brontë erred. All of us not actually illiterate or imbecile feel that something is wrong when a writer attempts to compel his readers' feelings by the exploitation of early deaths, handsome sinners with lunatic wives, and ecstatic dithyrambs. The march of culture has forced such knowledge on the least of us.

Yet if Charlotte Brontë represents an eternally recurrent defeat of the artist, she also represents his eternally recurrent triumph. She told the truth even about matters concerning which the whole civilization round her had conspired to create a fiction; and her telling of it is not an argument, but an affirmation, that comes and is, like the light of the sun and the moon. It is not only true that, as Swinburne said, again and again she shows the—

> power to make us feel in every nerve, at every step forward which our imagination is compelled to take under the guidance of another's, that thus and not otherwise, but in all things altogether even as we are told and shown, it was, and must have been, with the human figures set before us in their action and their suffering; that thus, and not otherwise, they absolutely must and would have felt and thought and spoken under

which, dealing solely with the visible world, nevertheless persuades us that the visible world is going to swing open as if it were a gate and disclose a further view: like the description of the stable yard in Thornfield at dawn, with the blinds still drawn in the windows, and the birds twittering in the blossom-laden orchard, when the mysterious stranger drives away with the surgeon after his mysterious wound-

ANNE, EMILY, AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

ing. She does more than that, she makes a deeper revelation of the soul.

In an age which set itself to multiply the material wants of mankind (with what results we see today) and to whittle down its spiritual wants to an ethical anxiety that was often mean, Charlotte Brontë serenely lifted up her voice, and testified to the existence of the desires which are the buds of all human thoughts and actions. Her candid and clairvoyant vision of such things is displayed again and again throughout her works, but never more notably than in the two instances which make "Villette" one of the most interesting of English novels. The first is the description of the innocent but passionate love of the little girl Polly for the schoolboy John. The second is the description of how Lucy Snowe's love passed without a break from John Bretton to Paul Emanuel; never before has there been such a frank admission of the subtle truth that the romantic temperament writes a lover's part, and then casts an actor to play it, and that nevertheless there is more there than make-believe. To realize how rare a spirit it required to make and record such observations at the time one must turn to Miss Harriet Martineau's comments on the book as given in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life"; though one should remember that Miss Martineau was herself to suffer from the age's affectation of wantlessness. For when, as an elderly lady, she received a present of money from her admirers, the subscribers were greatly incensed when she proposed to spend an undue proportion of it on a silver tea equipage; yet surely an earlier age would have understood this belated desire for a little handsomeness.

But Charlotte Brontë did more than unconsciously correct the error of her age; she saw as deeply as poets do. There are surely two scenes which have the dignity and significance of great poetry. One is the scene in "Villette" where the fevered girl wanders by night out of the silent school with the intention of seeking a certain stone basin that she remembers to have seen, brimming with cool water, in a glade of the park; and finds the city ablaze with light, thronged with a tide of happy people, which bears up to the park that is now fantastic with colored lights and pasteboard palaces, a phantasmagoria in which she walks and sees her friends, her foes, her beloved, but is not seen. There has never before been found a more vivid symbolic representation of the state of passion in which the whole universe, lacking the condition of union with the beloved, seems a highly colored but insubstantial illusion, objective counterpart to delirium. Yet even finer is the scene in "Shirley" called "A Summer Night," with the friendly night, the mute stars, and these whispering trees," listening to the shouts and watching the fires of masculine dissension (which is their opposite and what they live by), and while what is male in woman speaks with the voice of Shirley, and what is female speaks with the voice of Caroline, one perceives that a statement is being found for that which the intellect has not yet stated in direct terms.

Charlotte Brontë was a supreme artist; and yet she was very nearly not an artist at all. That will make her an unsympathetic figure to many in these days, when a school of criticism, determined to exert authority but without the intellectual power to evolve an authoritative doctrine, has imported into this country its own puerile version of the debate between romanticism and classicism which has cut up the French world of letters into sterile sectionalism, and trots about frivolously inventing categories on insufficient bases, rejecting works of art that do not fit into them, and attaching certificates to those that do. But she will inspire and console those who realize that art is a spiritual process committed to imperfection by the flesh, which is its medium; that though there are artists who seem to transcend the limitations of that medium, like Bach and Mozart and Emily Brontë, they are rare as the saints, and, like them, sublime but not final in their achievements; and that the complete knowledge and mastery of experience which would be attained in a perfect world of art is like the *summum bonum* of the theologians, the vision of God which is to reward the pure in heart and cannot be realized until time is changed to eternity.

* This essay in slightly expanded form is to form one of the chapters of "The Great Victorians," edited by H. J. and Hugh Messingham, and shortly to be published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

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An Allegory of Youth

THE BRIGHT TEMPTATION. By AUSTIN CLARKE. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

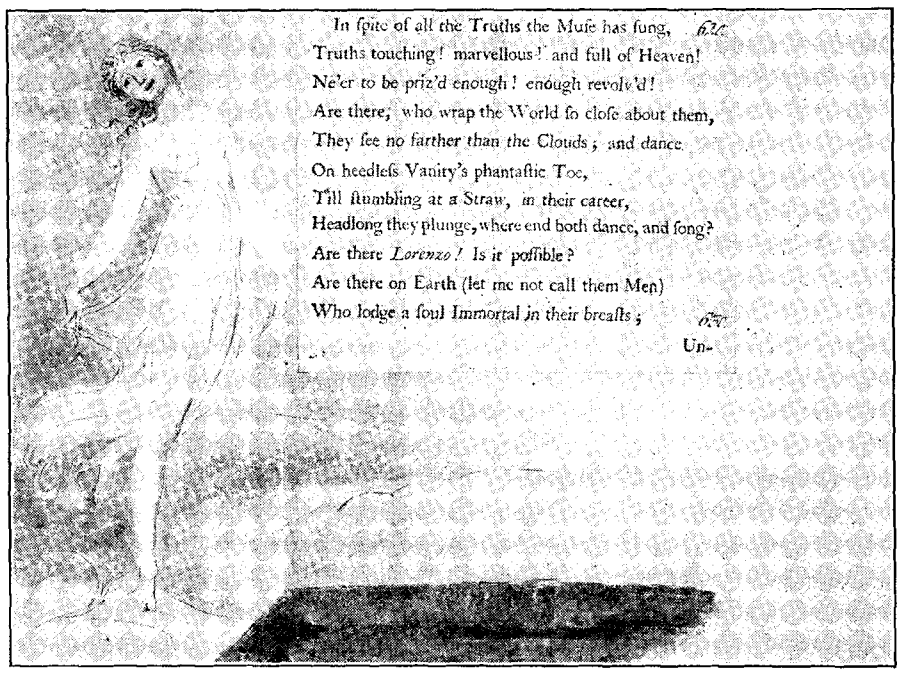
AGAINST a background of Gaelic legend Austin Clarke in this novel has written both the historical romance of a young cleric lost from his monastery and an allegory of youth caught bewildered between the sweet temptations of the flesh and the Christian dogma that flesh is the corruption which leads only to an eternity of torment. The Ireland Mr. Clarke draws when young Aidan went sleep-walking from his cell is the Ireland of the period after St. Patrick, when the serpents had been driven from the poetic Eden of the bardic schools by the preaching that life and flesh are ugly and contemptible, and just before the coming of the lusty, pagan Danes. In that Ireland, young Aidan meets and at last succumbs to the bright temptation, the temptation to find life not ugly but beautiful and desirable.

Building his own legend against old legend, Mr. Clarke takes his young and callow cleric upon a flight from the Christian ideal over the same ground which Diarmuid and Grania, the ancient lovers, crossed in their legendary flight from the Irish folk hero Fionn to whom Grania had been betrothed. Young Aidan, after a terrifying experience with a buxom and amorous matron and equally terrifying adventures in the hands of three lusty, quarrelsome warriors, is rescued by young and lovely Ethna. They fly together and at the point of love they are separated and Aidan is drawn back in terror to the hard Christian ideal. He flies back to his monastery of Claunmore only to discover almost too late that what he thought was the celebration there of a saint's day is the pagan rites of the invading Danes. His life, which he barely saves, is precious to him and a part of that life, he knows at last, clearly and without terror, is the love of Ethna.

Mr. Clarke has framed the tempo of his book at the tempo of flight. From first to last the book is a snatched and hurried movement through the night, through the wood, across bogs, up the bed of streams, into mountain glens, into the terrifying, fantastic Glen Bolgan where all the mad people of Ireland gather like damned spirits. There is no halt anywhere. The movement is as imperative as life. So Mr. Clarke's story moves but Mr. Clarke's style, sinuous and poetic, moves with the leisure of the cloister from which Aidan has strayed. One has the feeling that Mr. Clarke not unnaturally loves his prose and lingers over it. But the result is a conflict between style and story. The reader has the sense of being held back by rich words against the spirit of flight. It is only in the end when Mr. Clarke gives himself to the simple telling of his story of Aidan's unwarned return to his monastery which has fallen into the hands of the murderous, pillaging Danes that the reader feels a true unity of fine writing and dramatic story.

Essentially Mr. Clarke is a myth-maker. His characters all seem to be figures out of myth. His bitterness against the dogma that sex is ugly only rarely intrudes sharply into the movement of the myth of Aidan and Ethna. The spirit of the work is terrifying rather than satiric, yet the love story is gentle and sweet and never heroic. These lovers, separated by puritanism, are babes lost in a wood full of shadows, or rather grim Irish hills full of mist and rain. But they are more than that. What Mr. Clarke has written in their legend is the story of youth's escape from priestly dogma into the beauty and joyousness of the earth.

According to a statement in the London *Observer*, Galsworthy will write no more plays. Mr. Galsworthy's producer in London was asked whether Mr. Galsworthy was going to provide him with a novelty. "No," said Mr. Lion, "he says that he will have no more of us. That he will go on writing novels, but that he will no more cope with the struggles and agonies of theatrical productions. We (the actors) get in his light . . ."


In spite of all the Truths the Muse has sung,
Truths touching! marvellous! and full of Heaven!
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there, who wrap the World so close about them,
They see no farther than the Clouds; and dance
On heedless Vanity's phantastic Toe,
Till stumbling at a Straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance, and song?
Are there Lorenzo! Is it possible?
Are there on Earth (let me not call them Men)
Who lodge a foul Immortal in their breasts;
Un-

"INVITATION TO THE WALTZ."
Water color by William Blake for "Young's Night Thoughts."
(Harvard University Press.)

What Every Woman Knows

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS LEHMANN'S earlier novels have shown the quality of her art, its delicate appreciation of moods and feeling, its insight into the springs of behavior, its delight in beauty, and the shimmering grace of its prose. This new novel is a slighter tale than those that have gone before it, but in a way more successful than they since it achieves more completely than those earlier ones what it set out to do. The story of a few days in the life of a girl of seventeen, it is a revealing and sympathetic portrayal of that fleeting moment of feminine existence when girlhood, rapt in the radiance of its illusions and its hopes, stands aquiver on the threshold of romance. Miss Lehmann has caught the burnished glow of that evanescent period, its heightened sensibilities, its quickened emotions, its alternations of delight and despair. Her smiling tenderness depicts with deft and humorous strokes the little sum of nothings that make up a girl's world at seventeen, weaving out of the slightest incidents and unassuming conversations a touching picture of eager girlhood in its first encounter with life. The whole span of the book embraces no more than a week, the story never moves from a narrow scene, and its happenings are no more exciting than a new dress, a forgotten engagement at a dance, or an unexpected moment of intimacy with a young man, yet the book is atingle with life.

It opens as Olivia Curtis wakes to congratulations on her seventeenth birthday and ends a week later on the morning after her first ball. All that intervenes merely serves as introduction to that great event, and yet nothing of its simple incident but is essential to the portrayal of Olivia, and but through Olivia conduces to a portrait of universal girlhood aglow to embrace experience. Miss Lehmann's art is exquisite in its delicate perceptions, and happy in the selection of detail the very insignificance of which makes its significance. Olivia receiving the gift of a roll of flame colored silk to be fashioned into a gown for the ball, Olivia gazing in the mirror at the vision of the self that is to be, Olivia in the flush of excitement seeing life as at one moment supremely beautiful and at the next intolerably full of pathos, Olivia eager, expectant, disillusioned all in the course of an evening, and Olivia on the morrow hastening to meet the radiance of the new day,—it is of such slight incidents that "Invitation to the Waltz" is composed. There is nothing to Olivia's experiences and everything to them. She herself, when her great night was over, could hardly tell wherein her disappointment in it lay, or, in truth, whether it was disappointment that she had known. What was it that remained of the evening in her memory?

> Curious fragments, odds and ends of looks, speeches. . . . Nothing for myself really. Rollo leaving me to go to Nicola. Rollo and his father smiling at one another. Peter crying, saying, "Are you my friend? . . ." Kate looking so happy. . . . Waltzing with Timmy. Marigold flying downstairs to him. Yes, I can say that I have enjoyed myself.

Of such is the kingdom of girlhood. Miss Lehmann has known how to depict it with sympathy and with humor.

Drab Lives

FROM FLUSHING TO CALVARY. By EDWARD DAHLBERG. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON

THIS new novel by the author of "Bottom Dogs" is a story of poor people, their ambitions and disappointments, their hopes and frustrations, in a very mean and circumstantial environment. The locale—Bensonhurst, Flushing, and the environs of Calvary Cemetery, New York City—gives the book its title. The characters are Lizzie, a middle-aged woman who acts as a "quack doctor, treating women's ailments; her son, Lorry; and numerous neighbors, a roomer, and friends of sundry types, races, and nationalities.

The book tells chiefly of Lizzie's efforts to get money from her frightened and ignorant clients; of her search for a husband through matrimonial advertisements; and of Lorry's unsuccessful attempts to find work. It shows Lizzie's domination of her son and its results, especially when she dies and he is left completely rootless. It shows the effect of the environment on two immigrants, an Italian and a German. And it gives something of Lizzie's background as a "lady barber" in the Middle West, and of Lorry's experiences in an orphan asylum and as a hanger-on of the movie studios in Los Angeles.

There are many incidents more or less directly connected with the main story, such as that of the arrest and imprisonment of the Italian for an "assault" upon a girl; a Coney Island *mardi gras* night, as witnessed by Lorry and three friends; the death of a neighbor (which has a powerful effect upon Lizzie's morbid sensibilities); and various other ordinary and not so ordinary occurrences. Some of these incidents have great interest, and at least one—the story of the Italian—considerable implied social significance. Not always being closely connected, the various incidents and episodes give the book a somewhat disjointed form. Its total effect is rather episodic.

"From Flushing to Calvary" makes use of unsavory material, but this material is well handled. Dahlberg is a stylist—he uses rhetorical devices reminiscent of James Joyce, and has not been uninfluenced (apparently) by various of the esoteric literary groups, such as the "objectivists." The kind of stream-of-consciousness he employs is not unlike Joyce's:

> Seaweed, the relics of a laceblouse bouquet of washed-out lilacs, lay at his feet, leaking gas-pipe smells arising from it. From the sea, salt air, clam-chowder and oysterhouse seaside brine washed up against his eyelids and nostrils. Fumes of seaweed, sewer-gaspipe lilacs, the lavendar dye gone out of them—as he tasted these, he wondered whether Simon Wolkes, perhaps a bit of flowndust, was somewhere in these.

His use of words and figures of speech is always interesting. "Gravesend. In the cold neutral months it has the dumb muted stare of an empty tincup." "Outside the rain spat against his felt hat and his jaws creaked with cold like a pair of soaked shoes worn after they had been lying about in a dumping-ground."

Dahlberg is an honest writer, and his novel has originality and real worth. The character, Lizzie, is especially notable. He has been called a proletarian writer. His novel is proletarian in the sense that some of his characters are proletarians, but it is not proletarian in the sense that it reflects the class struggle, or even—at least, not very clearly—class-consciousness.

Child and Silenus

MY SISTER MY BRIDE. By CYRIL HUME. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE final deciphering of the replica of the tombstone inscription on the grave of Nancy Clayton Carlisle is done in the company of one salient character, Ben Rothman, at the end of this novel. This last section bears no chapter number but is simply entitled "Epitaph." It is a compliment to the convincingness of the book that this clever finale leaves one reader at least both violently exacerbated and outraged in all his finer feelings. I have not felt so strongly for some time about a group of characters in fiction.

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Hume's la
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happiness; a man of violence, deep sophistication, and cynicism, whose obverse is what Nora Cairns finally calls him in her despair, "a terrible baby." He is just that.

The fact that he is just that, and a cruel egomaniac to boot, and that at the end of the book he as good as murders two young people whose misfortune it has been only to love him, in no way changes the fact that Mr. Hume has presented this character "in the round," bringing out all its strength and vital weakness. The story ends in horror, but there are passages in the idyll of Lawrence's falling in love with Nancy Clayton which are both of rich humor and of great beauty.

It seems the note of the day that horror should captivate our younger novelists. One of the most discussed books of one powerful young novelist centred around the fact of a young girl being raped with a corncob by a filthy degenerate. Mr. Hume does not invoke such abnormalities. His horrors are matters of psychology. But the girl in Mr. Faulkner's "Sanctuary" was, after all, a negligible puppet. While in Nancy Clayton Mr. Hume has painted the portrait of an utterly unworldly, most endearing, and fantastically idealistic child of seventeen, which is a triumph of deft brushwork. One's horror at her final suicide therefore strikes much deeper, it excoriates the heart.

The love for Nancy Clayton that finally completely obsesses Raphael Lawrence, a man of forty-six, his wife long dead, his housekeeper his mistress, his son just graduated from a large university (with prowess as an athlete) is the finest emotion of which his nature is capable. It is described with many subtleties. The thoroughgoing sensuality of Lawrence's attitude toward women has always prevented him from finding anything better in them—but he dreams of an impossible star. In Nancy's childishness and complete innocence he thinks he has found it—though once married to her he would probably

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have used her as he has all other loves. She would have become simply a mote in his own overpowering ego. But he has the sentimentality about himself which is the corollary of excessive sensuality. He is the average man raised to a higher power by his artistic gift, the deep urge of which in this instance makes his character unstable and weakens his spiritual fibre.

The ultimate manner in which he uses a son upon whom he has so imposed his own personality as vitally to weaken the boy through love for his father, can have no palliation. But the big man is stupid and confused in the face of his problem. In spite of the explanation he finally makes to Nancy, he is actually solely concerned with his own possession of something evanescently beautiful to which, because of his own unalterable temperament, he knows he can have no possible right. This, as much as anything else, maddens him. And naturally any person who had gone through the Herculean night-bout of drinking which the author describes near the end of the book, would not be responsible for his later actions, particularly in the case of an artist possessed by an artist's dæmon.

These random observations show how deeply the author's Raphael Lawrence has impressed one reader. He is an outstanding, if in certain aspects an abhorrent, figure. Nancy—though her childishness does a little pall—is unique among heroines and of convincing fascination. Flora Ulpian, Ben Rothman, Nora Cairns, Peter Ruvette—the minor characters—are all dexterously portrayed. Mr. Hume's knowledge of human nature is ample, his sense of humor is keen, and he is observant of the odd contours of character. He is in possession of vivifying phrase and can build drama. The poet in him is allowed its interludes which only sometimes (to mix a metaphor) overshoot the mark.

"Cruel Fellowship" still remains my favorite of Cyril Hume's novels, but I should place "My Sister My Bride" next to it. One envies this writer's fine equipment; and his is great gusto for life. In this book he shows a quite extraordinary understanding of the ocular impressions of a painter.

But when he essays a horror climax again, I do adjure him to try some other kind. If I had not a particularly strong digestion, he might have upset it for weeks! While one cannot deny brilliance

CYRIL HUME.

to this particular study in cruelty, he has happened upon one reader who most detests that quality. The fictitious Raphael Lawrence, for all the intelligent investigation that Mr. Hume has expended upon him, will have to wait an eternity for my tears.

"Which was Robinson Crusoe's island?" says the London *Observer*. "It cannot have been Juan Fernandez, for, as a traveller tells the *Times*, there is no beach there, and so no possibility of a 'Man Friday's' footprint. Besides, Crusoe could see the coast of South America to westward at a distance of fifteen to twenty leagues: which suggests the mouth of the Orinico or Amazon. But the pinning of fiction to facts is always an unprofitable business."

Books aud Friendships

READING, WRITING, AND REMEMBERING. By E. V. LUCAS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

MR. LUCAS reminds us that his old chief at the head of *Punch's* famous editorial table, F. C. Burnand, used to divide the books men write about themselves into two classes: autobiography and ought-not-to-be-ography. There is no danger of E. V.'s delightful volume falling into the latter division. With unerring judgment

E. V. LUCAS
From a drawing by Orpen.

he avoids the more intimate phases of the first person singular: but as a scrapbook of professional convivial memories his narrative could hardly be improved. The prince of modern anthologists triumphantly achieves the most subtle task of all—this anthology of his own rich adventures in the world of books and friendships. An enormous reader and writer, a man of all-curious understanding, executive head of a big publishing house, one of the editors of *Punch*, there is little in English letters of the past forty years that he has not known and been a part of. His intimate studies of Charles Lamb, for which we all owe him so much, have borne valuable fruit in his own method. His humor and his gossip are always enriched by areas of silence behind. So this becomes not merely a book of charming talk but also a book of power. By long association with humorous journalism Mr. Lucas is commonly considered a humorist, but he is so in the Shakespearean sense; he is at his strongest when he admits the sombre or sardonic note.

Virginia Woolf once wrote a pleasant fable in which the Lord God, considering what might be done in heaven to atone to human beings for their troubles on earth, excluded from his mercy the booklovers, for they had had the joys of reading. Those who are really infected with that germ of ecstasy—it is a benevolent neurosis more rare than you might think—will find vast pleasure in Mr. Lucas's rich volume. He isolates the bacillus under a powerful magnification. At the age of 16 he was apprenticed to a bookseller in Brighton. Then he worked on a Brighton newspaper. He studied at University College, London, under W. P. Ker. He entered metropolitan journalism on the old London *Globe*—as what would here be called a columnist. It is interesting to note that among his youthful passions in literature—as so often in Englishmen of that time—were the great Americans of the time—Bret Harte, Dr. Holmes, Frank Stockton.

A reviewer looks in despair over the varied wealth of these pages of reminiscence: the innumerable books alluded to with shrewd comment, the many flashlights of anecdote. Listening to campaign speeches on the air lately, how often I have thought of E. V.'s remark, "I have heard all the principal orators of my time, but never without blushing for them." I see Edward VII saying to Sidney Lee, "Stick to Shakespeare, Mr. Lee; there's money in it." I see dear old Sidney Colvin talking about "Ah Well Es" (as he called R. L. S.) and hear Professor Ker's remark when told that William Sharp, preparing to write some "Fiona Macleod," always dressed in woman' clothes. "Did he?" said Professor Ker. "The bitch!" But to attempt to cull or quote Mr. Lucas's many felicities of human queerness is impossible. The man who had a special travelling case made for his set of the Dictionary of National Biography, so that he could take it with him for reading on journeys, is too throng with human lore to be meagerly excerpted. You will want the book itself for some long dark evenings.

Perhaps the greatest of Mr. Lucas's triumphs is his discovery of a Wordsworthian paradox. It should be printed in parallel columns. He juxtaposes first Wordsworth's sonnet on the desecration of the Lake Country by the railways—and then old Daddy's letter to Lloyd the Quaker banker. If this were Mr. Lucas's only literary trove, instead of being just one of his thousands of iron filings, we should be endlessly his debtor. Here are the two items. First, the sonnet against railways:

Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar;
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard ye that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.

And then the letter to the financier:—

MY DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised with the matter which this letter will turn upon—viz., something like money business, and I feel that I ought not to approach you without previously resting my

SOME KIND UNCLE.
Drawing by Chesterton reproduced in "Reading, Writing and Remembering."

apology on your known friendly disposition. To come to the point at once, I have been led to consider Birmingham as the point from which the railway companies now forming receive their principal impulse, and I feel disposed to risk a sum—not more than 500£.—in purchasing Shares in some promising Company or Companies. I do not wish to involve you in the responsibility of *advising* an Investment of this kind, but I hope I do not presume too much when I request that you would have the kindness to point out to me what Companies are thought the most eligible, adding directions as to the mode of proceeding in case I determine upon purchasing. . . .

WM. WORDSWORTH

Like all first-rate ironists, Mr. Lucas has the gift of complete brevity when desired. I like his summing up of his visits to this country:

"If I were asked to name my most vivid impression of America I should say the blue Vermeer in the Metropolitan Museum, the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, and the fireflies in a garden on a hill above the Hudson River."

A Frivolous Circle

LADY CAROLINE LAMB. By ELIZABETH JENKINS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER

MISS JENKINS, according to the dust-covers of this biography, is a very young person, though not inexperienced in authorship. Her faults as a writer are want of order and want of perspective; her chief merit is youthful enthusiasm for her subject. Lady Caroline Lamb, who became the wife of Lord Melbourne, was born in 1785 and died in 1828, after a long and largely imaginary intrigue with Byron and an amazingly belated separation from her tolerant husband. She had the misfortune to be connected, by birth, marriage, and association, with a dissolute and extravagant section of the English upper class. They were "noble" and "aristocratic" only by name, if Miss Jenkins's account is just. She informs us that London "society," when Lady Caroline was passing from the nursery into the ballroom, consisted of about three hundred men and women—"mostly fools," one is tempted to add. They appear to have been extremely class-conscious and indifferent to the rest of the world. One of the few amiable features of the little madcap's character was that she delighted in shocking her relatives by treating servants and shop people as if they were fellow human beings. She was neurotic and delicate; though many of her pranks and tantrums were merely outbursts of pent-up energy, others were symptoms of insanity. For her misdeeds, even for pursuing the mean-spirited Byron, she was less to be blamed than the frivolous and heartless group among whom she was brought up.

Old Lady Melbourne, Lady Bessborough, Lady Cowper, Lady Oxford, the much too tolerant Lord Melbourne, who shrugged his shoulders at his wife's attempts at infidelity, and finally this poor flimsy girl herself, formed a circle entirely given up to selfish and frivolous pursuits. If this is an overstatement, the blame must rest on Miss Jenkins, for thus she depicts them. Into this circle steps the supercilious Byron. Lady Caroline flings herself at his feet. He behaves like a cad. Everybody in the circle writes long letters to everybody else, condemning the little singed butterfly, but condoning the vile cruelty of Milord. It is a picture of a nasty little corner of the world, cold, hard, without religion, principles, or love.

The book is difficult to read, being ill arranged and in many places obscurely written. Letters are inserted without dates, addresses, or signatures, and one has to keep turning back or looking ahead to discover what is going on. It is a distressing picture of a crazy woman, a rotten society, and a poet who posed and whined.

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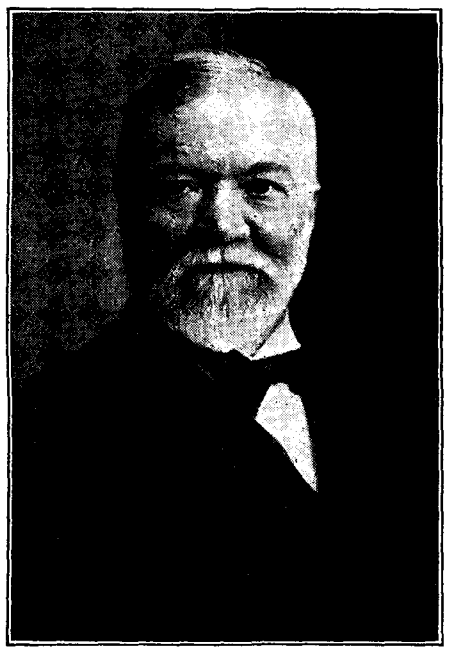
The Iron Master

THE LIFE OF ANDREW CARNEGIE. By BURTON J. HENDRICK. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 2 vols. 1932. $7.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. HENDRICK has dealt with one of the most fascinating tasks that the rich field of American biography offers. The Scottish bobbin-boy who became the world's greatest manufacturer and its most prodigal distributor of wealth typifies, more than Rockefeller or Ford, a whole era of industrial history. Born to grinding poverty, by perceiving and seizing a key position in the sphere of business, he created one of the colossal fortunes of history. Nursed on two books, Burns and Shakespeare, he made himself the leader of great moral and political forces, and with his money created and supported the most far-reaching intellectual enterprises. Reared among handloom weavers in a provincial village, he became the companion of prime ministers and Presidents, the host of kings, the patron of famous poets and scientists. A poor immigrant, he became a citizen whom both England and America were proud to claim. Rising from a caste society where noblemen gave a few pounds to the deserving poor, he organized "philanthropy" (a word he always hated) on a scale and with an effectiveness new to mankind. He represented, in short, some of the main forces of the nineteenth century. He embodied the very spirit of acquisitive individualism let loose upon a fluid industrial society in a continent stored with almost inexhaustible wealth. He typified the restlessness, the cocksureness, the vanity and love of display of his age. Still more, he exemplified its humanitarian and benevolent impulses, giving grandly back to the public the wealth which he had so grandiosely exploited from public resources.

Such a story as Carnegie's might be written in several ways. It can easily be treated as the story of a conquering hero; a Samuel Smiles or Horatio Alger career transferred to real life and transformed



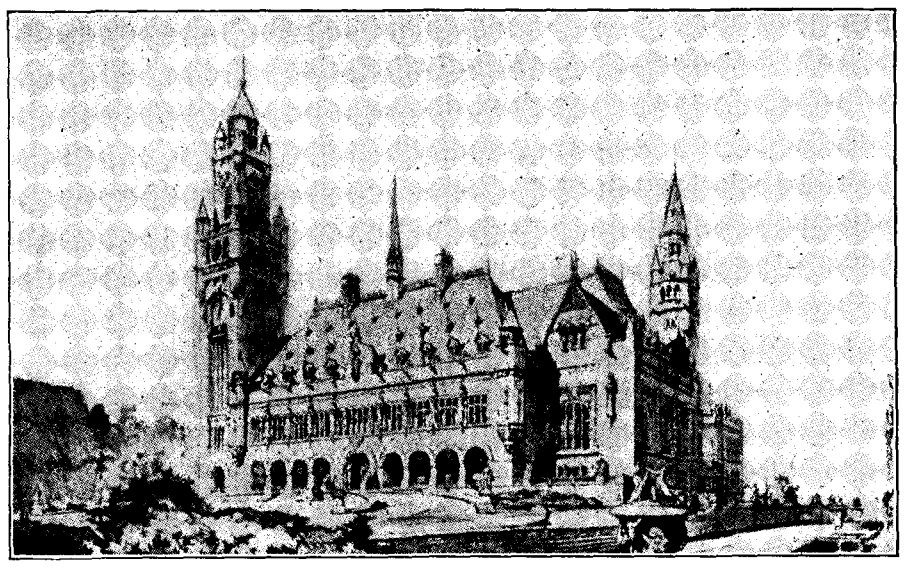
ANDREW CARNEGIE.

to epic proportions. It might be treated, by a writer less tolerant of capitalistic individualism, with a sharp emphasis upon the waste, harshness, and vanity that were inextricably bound up with it. Or it might be treated with a severe realism, accepting the age and the man as facts and letting the two illuminate each other. Mr. Hendrick has chosen to present Carnegie as a hero. It is a natural treatment, yet it is a little hard to accept without severe discounting. It makes the book more dramatic and interesting, but it makes the man a little less convincing.

It is true that Carnegie had many admirable qualities. His kindliness, his tolerance, his sociability, render him a far pleasanter figure than the cold, ruthless Rockefeller. His breadth, his cosmopolitanism, his urbanity, his instinct for what was best in the culture of England and America, set him above the limited Henry Ford; though both are alike in their idealism. He carried his Scotch shrewdness and practicality to a pitch almost of greatness. And yet we feel, as we read these two large volumes, that he was never quite the real hero, never a truly great man. Sir Henry Bessemer discovered how to make steel with incredible cheapness; various pioneers discovered the colossal ore deposits of the Great Lakes area; a host of industrialists covered the globe with railroads and machinery and created markets voracious for metal. Carnegie saw the opportunity. When his competitors let the panics of 1873 and 1893 paralyze them, his indomitable optimism and his vision led him to erect stupendous new plants; and once the inevitable recovery began, he crushed his rivals with ease. In his later years he moved among the finest minds of the age. Gladstone, Morley, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Woodrow Wilson, were all his friends. As we read the letters and the recorded conversations which strew the second volume, we carry away the impression of a man always junior to these great figures; the picture of an unabashed, quick-minded boy in a drawing room of important men. Carnegie was eager, inventive, and persistent; his physical and mental resiliency made him place heavy stakes on the future in an era when the future eclipsed the most dazzling prophecies; he was marvelously befriended by fortune; life never made him harsh or overbearing. But we refuse to accept him as a Carlylean figure; the times made him, and not he the times.

Mr. Hendrick has executed some of the most difficult parts of his task extremely well. His expert hand has made a judicious selection among superabundant materials. These include an enormous mass of Carnegie's correspondence; a great store of letters from famous Americans and Britons; the business records of the companies over which Carnegie presided; and the archives of the institutions and foundations that he established. The author's style is always charming, and it is particularly effective in his narrative of Carnegie's personal life, which it is evident has made an especial appeal to him. There is an infectious gusto in his treatment of the earlier years. Carnegie sprang from a family which had already produced Scotchmen of striking force; particularly Thomas Morrison, an irrepressible agitator in Chartist days, and Uncle George Lauder, a fervent democrat and a man steeped in Scotch history and legend. The boy was sensibly affected by the storied romance of his birthplace Dunfermline, where lie the bones of Bruce and many a monarch, and of which Mr. Hendrick gives a delightful account. The beginnings in America are also charmingly described. Carnegie showed his quality when, after an apprenticeship as telegraph messenger, he entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He saved money, read voraciously, attended Shakespearean plays, enjoyed society, seized upon an eighth share in a sleeping car patent, made a happy venture in petroleum, helped get the Federal troops into Washington on the outbreak of the Civil War, sustained a sunstroke at Bull Run, and was a successful man before he was thirty-five and before he had concerned himself with iron. Nor do his early years remind us of Barrie's remark that the most awful force in nature is a young Scotchman on the make. Even when he was busiest "gathering gear" he remained gay, lighthearted, touchingly devoted to his mother, keenly interested in literature, and versatile-minded; he was an enthusiast for life, and he wanted money not for itself but for what it would do.

Carnegie's real career began when he identified himself with the whole industrial future of the United States by turning to steel. When, after some successful years in making iron bridges, in 1873 he



THE PALACE OF PEACE IN THE HAGUE WHICH HOUSES MEETINGS OF THE CARNEGIE PEACE FOUNDATION.

concentrated upon steelmaking by the Bessemer process, he perhaps did not realize that the economic growth of the nation would depend primarily upon steel supplies. But it was a fact. At that time Great Britain seemed to hold an unconquerable primacy in the iron and steel world. Abram S. Hewitt had been laughed at when he predicted that the palm would rapidly pass to the Western republic. Yet by 1890 the United States was producing more steel than Great Britain, and before 1900 it was even exporting considerable quantities to England. Carnegie planted himself in a strategic position when he erected his J. Edgar Thomson plant in Pittsburgh. That city was then the logical centre for the American steel industry, and though the Pennsylvania Railroad long hampered him by unfair freight rates, he made the most of it. He showed an uncanny skill in selecting his partners, and knew how to bring out the best that was in them. As Mr. Hendrick recalls, he once suggested as his epitaph: "Here lies the man who was able to surround himself with men far cleverer than himself." Among these associates were his brother Thomas, Henry Phipps, Charles Schwab, Captain "Bill" Jones, and Henry Clay Frick, all well sketched by the author. Carnegie knew just when to expand his operations. Other steelmakers built in flush times; he built in periods of depression, when costs were low. He also showed extraordinary shrewdness and skill in taking possession of cheap sources of ore. In the eighties the Marquette mines revealed limitations. One Harry Oliver, who had been a fellow-messenger of Carnegie's in the telegraph office, bought armfuls of leases on the Mesabi Range; Carnegie, on his appeal, plunged into the region alongside Rockefeller; and in 1896 an agreement with Rockefeller gave the Scotch ironmaster a position unequalled among the world's steel producers. Four years later his company's profits were $40,000,000, and of this he had the lion's share.

The technical development of the steel industry is vividly described in these pages. Here the general reader will find an account of the Bessemer process, and an explanation of its importance, which are as enthralling as a novel. So, also, Mr. Hendrick offers an admirable history of the exploration and early development of the vast iron ranges north and west of Lake Superior. The story is a romance, and he makes of it a sparkling narrative. He is at pains to describe the role of coke in the iron and steel industry, and he devotes many pages to Frick and his labors. The famous quarrel between Carnegie and Frick, so sensational in nature, is recounted both more carefully and more fairly than in George Harvey's life of Frick. The author, while admitting that Frick was the "nominal victor" and that Carnegie suffered "partial defeat," shows that the substantial advantage in the contest remained with his hero. But while these chapters are excellent, the history of the actual growth of the Carnegie mills shows some gaps. We would welcome a more thorough analysis of their business expansion. Moreover, we are not given a broad picture of the development of the American steel industry 1870-1900, and it is difficult to measure Carnegie's achievement against that of the other ironmasters of the day, in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the Middle West. The biography, in other words, might have been made of more service to students of business history.

Fair-minded Mr. Hendrick always is; but sometimes he is not critical-minded. Almost nothing is said of Carnegie's faults. He had them in plenty, but even his vanity, which so many associates found irritating to a degree, is passed over with but a word. We should like a few hints, at least, regarding the foibles which led John Hay once to describe Carnegie with scorching epithets. Above all, we should welcome in Mr. Hendrick's urbane pages a more critical attitude toward the whole industrial structure of which Carnegie's business became so prominent a part. Was the great quasi-monopoly which he built up, and which by 1900 overshadowed the steel trade of the world, a healthy growth? Were his business methods—his arrangements with railroads as to rebates, for example; his relentless way with certain competitors; his scale of charges, which gave him such huge profits—always above reproach? They were not so in the eyes of Carnegie's own generation; yet of the attacks sometimes made on him there is hardly an echo here. What, too, of Carnegie's attitude toward labor, and his marked hostility toward unionization? Mr. Hendricks gives an expert, interesting, and just history of the Homestead strike. He makes it clear that much blame for that unfortunate affair must fall upon Frick, and that Carnegie deserves little if any. Yet was Carnegie's view of labor and its rights as enlightened as it should have been? Upon such questions as these a more realistic treatment of the man might well throw a good deal of light. The book is deficient in a discussion of his opinions on business ethics and trends, on the relations between government and industry, on immigration, labor, and the proper division of profits between employer and employed, and on social insurance; it has too much the tone of a family biography in treating controversial topics.

CARNEGIE HERO MEDAL.

Two thirds of the second volume is, quite properly, given to Carnegie's activities after his retirement from business. Here again occur many pages that can only be called charming. Mr. Hendrick makes it clear that Carnegie, always effervescent, always curious, always fond of talk and society, was a man of delightful personality. The chapters on his friendships, and especially the sections which

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One sort of person I have no patience whatever for. That is the person who thinks that the same mind which produced Bacon's Essays also turned out Shakespeare's Plays. Such a belief shows an utter inability to understand either one. Not a great deal is known about Shakespeare; and yet just as much is known about him as about any other contemporary writer with the possible exception of Ben Jonson. The completely asinine criticism that Shakespeare, because of his sketchy education in schools, could not really have known anything about some of the things which are in his plays, advertises the critics as little above the level of village idiots in intellect and experience of life. I quit school myself when I was fifteen, and I have published twenty-two volumes crammed full of stuff that the average schoolmaster doesn't know anything about. Shakespeare got his education the same way I got mine. (Parenthetically, I like to dwell upon this, as it is one of the few points of similarity between us.) I done' deny that both Shakespeare and myself might have done better work if we had gone to school a little more; but seven years at Oxford would not have produced Falstaff. As for the Baconian theory—Nertz!

(. . .) Don Marquis

deal with John Morley and Herbert Spencer, are especially readable. It is shown that his benefactions grew naturally out of his ideas of democracy; he believed that it was the people who really created wealth, and that to the people it should return. He believed also that, since the man who accumulated a great fortune was usually an exceptional person, he ought to use his own talents in distributing his money; he could do it better than less gifted men. Nevertheless, Carnegie accepted advice readily in making his gifts, and some of the principal ideas which guided him came from the brain of Arthur Balfour. He never actually said that it was a disgrace to die rich; but he did say and believe that a rich man should divide his life into two periods—one of acquisition, and one of philanthropy. Here, again, Mr. Hendrick rigorously refrains from criticism. If Carnegie's methods of returning his money to the public were not always the wisest possible, he offers no hint of the fact. But he does describe in generous detail some of the work—such as the recent discoveries in astronomy at Mount Wilson—which Carnegie's money made possible.

On the whole, the book covers interestingly and fairly thoroughly a many-sided career. It omits some topics that we wish had been covered. Almost nothing is said of Carnegie's relations with the Republican party in the eighties and the nineties, and his direct participation in the tariff fights of the period. Mr. Hendrick makes the point that Carnegie followed John Stuart Mill in advocating protection for infant industries, but in rejecting it for full-grown manufacturers. Yet the part he played in framing the McKinley Tariff by no means fitted his theories in the matter, and some interesting paragraphs might have been written upon his attitude toward the subsequent Wilson Tariff. Little is said of his intense opposition to jingoism, and his share in the anti-imperialist crusade in the United States in the years 1898-1901. Carnegie wrote magazine articles against Bryan and took an active hand in the struggle against free silver, yet this also is passed over. At many points the biography might have been more incisive and critical. But it presents a generally adequate, and in many chapters an extremely interesting, record of one of the most important American careers in the half century following the Civil War.

The Uses of Leisure

LEISURE IN THE MODERN WORLD. By C. DELISLE BURNS. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

THE first half of the nineteenth century witnessed advances in science, invention, and the industrial arts hardly less remarkable than those that have taken place in the like period in our own time. Yet John Stuart Mill found it possible to say, in his "Political Economy," that "it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." Whether Mill was justified or not in expressing this doubt it is not worth while here to consider. Certain it is that no such doubt would find expression in any responsible quarter today. Accordingly, Mr. Burns wastes no energy and no space over the question whether the industrial progress of the past fifty years has resulted in a great increase of leisure for the masses of mankind in the Western world; what nobody would dispute he very properly takes for granted.

Indeed, one cannot help regretting that he did not assume, on the part of his readers, a familiarity with the outstanding features of the new leisure as well as a knowledge of the mere fact of its existence. We all know nearly everything he can tell us about the movies and the radio; and his book would gain in impressiveness far more than it would lose in bulk if what he says upon these and kindred subjects were condensed into one fifth of the space that he devotes to them. For his primary object is to impress the reader with the vast potentialities of an increase of leisure in giving to our civilization a new and better character; and his argument is not helped, but hindered, by extensive presentation—or even discussion—of the familiar details of our present-day use of leisure at the movies or the radio.

But while the details are in large measure superfluous, the general facts about the new resources for the enjoyment of leisure which modern invention has laid open to everybody are an essential part of Mr. Burns's case. His object is to show that the expansion of leisure has potentialities which even a short time ago were unthought of, and of which even now few people have any conception; and of these potentialities he regards the new uses of leisure to which we already have access as giving important indications.

Among the consequences that have already been brought about by the expansion of leisure there are two upon which Mr. Burns most loves to dwell. The first is the change that has taken place in the moral status of leisure: the busy bee is no longer held to be an adequate moral guide; the butterfly is not regarded as immoral; leisure is thought of as an end desirable in itself, and not as deriving its value merely from its utility in increasing one's capacity for work. The second consequence is the spread of social equality and the tendency toward an obliteration of distinctions: this being brought about not only by the fact that leisure is no longer the exclusive possession of a small privileged class but also by the circumstance that in so large a range of cases—most strikingly in the movies and the radio—rich and poor are substantially equal partakers in precisely the same enjoyments. Upon both of these aspects of the expansion of leisure in our time, Mr. Burns makes many interesting and instructive observations; and he discusses with entire fairness the objections made by lovers of old times and old manners to certain of the influences of the movies and the radio.

While by far the largest part of the book is occupied with already existing uses of leisure, its real objective is the setting forth not of what the expansion of leisure has already effected, but of the infinitely more far-reaching effects which may be expected from a continuance of this expansion in the future. When leisure takes its proper place in the esteem of mankind, when it takes that place towards which it has been moving in the past fifty years but which it has as yet only very distantly approached, it will effect—if Mr. Burns is right in his judgment—nothing less than a fundamental and beneficent transformation of the whole character of civilized life. To promote this transformation should be, he holds, one of the chief aims of education and of public policy. To the advocacy of these views the closing chapters of his book are devoted; and it is these chapters which, to the present reviewer at least, seem most worthy of attention.

Of a book so eminently fair in its argumentation, and so truly liberal in its spirit, one hesitates to say anything in disparagement. Yet it must be said of Mr. Burns's volume that it is markedly and regrettably lacking in momentum—in the quality that may perhaps be best designated as effective convincingness. Envisaging, as he does, a boundless prospect of human betterment through the expansion of leisure, he does not arouse in the reader that enthusiastic response which might be expected to attend such a vision. This is, indeed, partly due to that very fairness, that judicial balance which is in itself so commendable but which need not preclude the quality of infectious fervor. The enthusiasm kindled half a century ago by Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" was rendered possible, in part, by his blindness to everything that made against the single idea which underlies his panacea of the single tax; but it was indebted no less to the fervid eloquence of his advocacy. Yet the lack of effective convincingness in Mr. Burns's book is due not only to an excess of judicial virtue, and not only to the absence of fervor in his style, but also in part to a real defect in his argument. A critical reader cannot fail to see that, in dealing with the past and the present, he ascribes to the expansion of leisure effects which it is far more reasonable to ascribe in the main to causes more general and more obvious. Both the tendency to social equality and the tendency to a truer view of the justification of leisure would, even without the expansion of leisure, have manifested a growth comparable with—perhaps, indeed, equal to—that which has actually been witnessed. It did not require the movies or the radio to make impossible, even in England—to say nothing of other countries—the state of mind as to class distinctions which, not much more than half a century ago, still persisted among the "lower classes" in that country. If there had been no movie and no radio, even if there had been no shortening of working hours, it is inconceivable that any English children would in our day have been taught, as they were then, to recite such a bit of moral verse as this:

What though I be poor and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me
If I'm careful, neat, and clean
And submit when they reprove me.

And, while the irresistible advance of democratic ideas is sufficient explanation of the gradual fading out of the sense of social inferiority, another widespread change has been going on which suffices to account for the altered moral status of leisure upon which Mr. Burns lays so much stress. Although he does not expressly so state, he seems throughout to have in mind almost exclusively that large body of English-speaking people who are the inheritors of the Puritan tradition; and if they have become possessors of a more genial and more human view of the value of leisure, this must be ascribed in the main to that liberalizing of religion which has been one of the outstanding features of our time, and not to any external changes pertaining to the opportunities for leisure.

Of course, all this has no direct bearing upon the soundness of Mr. Burns's forecast of the future of leisure, or of the ideals towards the attainment of which he hopes it will be directed. But it is calculated to impair the confidence of his readers in that soundness; so that their acceptance of his views will depend rather upon their predisposition and their temperament than upon his power to mould their thought into conformity with his own.

Journeys and Adventures

YONDER LIES ADVENTURE! By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by H. L. PANGBORN

"I AM far luckier than most men," says Colonel Powell, "for since boyhood I have been able to make a good living doing precisely what I wanted to do most. . . . Few men are so fortunate. . . . For nearly a third of a century, barring two or three years as a soldier, I have been footloose and free." His wanderings, as a freelance writer, newspaper and magazine correspondent, consular officer, and "professional onlooker" have taken him over most of the known and much of the comparatively unknown world; Europe, Asia, Africa, Borneo, Sumatra, Java, from the Mexican border to Alaska, Madagascar, Lapland, Nepal, and "intermediate points." This volume is an autobiographical record of these journeyings and adventures up to the beginning of the war. It will take another volume to complete the story, and as he is now only fifty-three years old he is likely to keep on going.

In addition to a vast amount of available raw material, Colonel Powell has one of the requisities of a good autobiographer in a certain—quite justified—satisfaction with himself and his career;—the *quorum pars fui* of the good teller of personal experiences. He also seems to have had the inexplicable knack of the successful correspondent in happening to be on the spot when things of moment come to a head.

The larger portion of this volume is devoted to travels in Europe during the early years of the century, together with an extraordinary trip into Russian Asia and a visit to Bokhara and Samarkand. It also covers his service as consul at Beirut and at Alexandria. There is a chapter of the "now-it-can-be-told" kind recording conversations with Roosevelt just after his presidency. These include the statement that Roosevelt brought about the end of the Russian-Japanese war at the express personal request of the Emperor of Japan.

At some points Colonel Powell's accounts need certain correctives or amplifications in aid of accuracy. And he expressly disclaims responsibility for some of the anecdotes which he gives at second hand, adding, however the justification, *si non è vero, è ben trovato*. His book makes a sprightly narrative.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

INVITATION TO THE WALTZ. By ROSAMUND LEHMANN. *Holt.*
A charming portrayal of a week in the life of a girl standing "where the brook and river meet."

WAH' KON-TAH. By JOHN JOSEPH MATTHEWS. *University of Oklahoma Press.*
A chronicle based on the reminiscences of an agent (the uncle of President Hoover) for the Osage Indians who became a close friend of and astute commentators upon his charges.

READING, WRITING AND REMEMBERING. By B. E. V. LUCAS. *Harpers.*
Adventures in the world of letters and notabilities.

This Less Recent Books:

THE RED HOUSE MYSTERY. By A. A. MILNE. *Dutton.*
A mystery story that not only has an excellent plot but also literary quality.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XLI. HEAD, HEART, AND HAND

IT was the day Richard had to leave to make his speech at the Stationers' Convention. The meeting was held in Detroit; perhaps this helped to give Minnie an intuition of a circle completed, a return of life upon itself. Richard was despondent about his address; she did her best to encourage him; gave him a carefully docketed folder of papers he was to check over with Jack Hack; messages for Bessie Beaton. But he remained strangely thoughtful, and looked rather gray. She telephoned for his reservation on the train, and then decided to go to the station with him. She was in a noticing mood: for the first time her eye was caught by the inscription at the 42nd Street entrance to the Grand Central—*To all those who with head, heart and hand toiled in the construction of this monument to the public service.* Something in the spirit of these words fitted her own secret intentions. "Head comes first," she thought.

She made him take a chocolate malted milk at the soda fountain, and had him cheerful by train-time. He even recalled an anecdote of his own about Grand Central. "I was going down the Vanderbilt Avenue side of the station, one day about lunch time. Suddenly I found myself with the greatest craving for corned beef and cabbage; it seemed as though that was the one thing I hankered for. I went into the good old Murray Hill Hotel and had the biggest plate of it I could find. I realized afterwards what had happened. It was that big sign at the taxicab entrance to the station, CAB BAGGAGE. I had seen that with one corner of my eye, without consciously reading it. It started me thinking about cabbage.—Just shows that advertising sometimes pays even if people don't read it.—Say, I think I can use that in my speech!"

"You're going to have a swell time," said Minnie as he left. "Get a good rest on the train. Give my love to Jake and Bessie. Be a good boy, and don't give Bessie any knockout drops."

"Maybe they'll give me that same old room at the hotel," he said, and departed feeling pleased with himself.

Minnie walked once around the circular Information desk, nerving herself to her purpose. Ironically she observed the intent petitioners at the oracle, soliciting the definite judgments of time and place. "Trains to Rochester," said one; at once received a printed folder that solved everything. But where do you get the kind of information you need most? What is right, what is wrong, what is the just thing to do? She also had toiled with head, heart, and hand for what she loved. She did not dare delay any longer for fear her decision would waver. She went to a telephone booth.

"May I speak to Mrs. Roe?"

"This is Mrs. Roe."

"This is Minnie Hutzler. Can I see you at once, on business?"

"Can't you see Mr. Roe? You usually do."

"He's gone. I just saw him off on the train."

"You would.—Why not wait till he gets back?"

"I'm sorry to bother you, but it's important."

⁂ ⁂

She took a taxi, to have time for a cigarette. Instinctively she took out mirror and powder, then considered that this time the less grooming the better. She was looking satisfactorily plain, she thought. She had the driver set her down at the corner of Central Park West; in case Lucille happened to be watching out of the window she did not wish to be seen arriving by taxi. It would give an impression of luxury. I must try to be tactful, she thought. She felt ill with apprehension. She was pleased to see there was a doctor's office on the ground floor of the apartment house. I wonder if that's the doctor who takes care of Richard? If I'm taken sick I can go in there.

The entrance hall of Number 50 was rather like a Grand Central in miniature. Those who had toiled here with head, heart, and hand believed in marble and uniforms. The door-man hastily resumed his gloves before revolving the portal. The elevator boy seemed as bronze and impersonal as the car itself. Apparently the tenants were protected from reality by two ranks of petty officers.

Peke growled at her as soon as he saw her. As the maid ushered her down the passage she noticed the telephone. The other end of the famous epithet, she remembered. Then she forgot everything except to try to say what was in her mind. The only furniture she really saw was the scarlet smoking-stand; she kept her eyes on that, it was so unmistakably a part of Richard's life. Peke continued to curse. Then Lucille came in, dressed for the street. She looked very handsome in spring furs, very much in command of the situation.

"Well?" said Lucille. She made no offer of a chair. Seeing her so rigid, Minnie felt an unusual sense of pity—pity for them both. Lucy must have suffered much to be so bitter. Woman, woman, she wanted to cry, don't be a fool! But she feared already that her errand was futile. She might perhaps have attempted an impulsive human appeal, but Peke—after catching sight of Lucille's face—yapped louder than ever. The noise was painful to the nerves; also Minnie had not had much practice in humiliating herself.

"I wonder if we could be alone for a minute?" she said.

Lucille seized the animal and removed him to the kitchen, whence they could still faintly hear his reproaches. At least it'll keep the maid from listening in, Minnie thought.

"Was there anything special? Because I've got to go out," said Lucille.

"I never thought I'd be trying to say this," Minnie said. "I love Richard."

"That's interesting. Who is Richard? Do you mean Mr. Roe?"

(She scores, damn her, thought Minnie. I'm making a mess of this.)

"Maybe, I haven't any right to; it just happened. I've been his mistress, and I've been selfish. Just now I'm not considering either you or me, I'm thinking about him. I thought perhaps I could tell you I was sorry, ask you——"

"It's a bit late to be sorry, isn't it?"

"I thought I was helping him, but he's not happy. He's not the type. I mean, he doesn't need a mistress, he needs a wife."

Lucille, in spite of considerable experience in getting angry, found new depths of emotion. She was amazed into silence.

"I can see in the office, he's not well. I wondered if you wouldn't take him back and forgive him. It was my fault, not his. I'll help all I can."

Lucille never took her eyes from the other's face. Her gloved hands were crisped a little as if for striking. God, she's really beautiful, Minnie thought. And indeed Lucille was drawing strength from inward instincts far behind the nerves of reason. Those angers of hers were the brightly uniformed door-men of her citadel, to seclude from visit her mysterious heart.

"I'll give him up," said Minnie, "but he's got to have *someone* to love him. We're grown-up people, can't we pull together somehow?"

"Was this all you had to come up here for? Well then, let me tell you something. I don't need *your* advice in my private affairs. I've been very noble: I've been a good woman, and now he can suffer for it. He deserves to suffer. Now I suppose he's tired of you too, he wants to crawl back to me, is that it?"

"Don't you think maybe he might be fond of both of us?"

"I knew you were a brazen piece, but I didn't think even you would come up here to my face and offer to divide my husband with me."

"That's not what I meant," said Minnie. (What a mess this is! What a lot I could teach this idiot if she'd let me! Speak softly, now, for Richard's sake. Don't try to tell the truth; tell what she needs to hear.) "Of course he's fond of me. I've worked for him for years. But he never would have looked at me if you hadn't thrown him out."

"*You've* worked for him!" exclaimed Lucille. Her elbow trembled so that her purse slid to the floor with a heavy thump. The human and feminine quality of this accident helped Minnie to keep her balance.

"What did *you* ever do for him?" Lucille continued. "Did you stand by him when he didn't have fifty dollars in the world? Did you raise his child, keep his home, cook his meals? No, you waited till he was prosperous and then tried to sneak him away from me when I wasn't in reach. And now he's not happy, poor thing! When you're quite through with him you offer to return him!—Let him find out for himself it's not so easy to live without love."

"I'm sorry you take it like this, Mrs. Roe. I only meant—I wanted—I didn't expect you to forgive *me*. I'm trying to be honest. I'm worried about him. He *needs* help. He loves you——"

"Thanks for telling me. I don't know what business it is of yours. I think you'd better go, or I may begin to say things."

⁂ ⁂

Minnie wondered how she was going to get down in the elevator and past the door-man without collapse. Richard, my dear, I'm afraid I've only made things worse.—God, I hope she won't tell him I've been there. I'm glad I didn't ask her *not* to, anyhow. I was so busy thinking things *not* to say, I hardly know what I did say.

She reached the curb at last, a taxi, and a cigarette. She opened her vanity-case to see if she still looked the same. There were dark shadows under her eyes, and her nose glistened. "She could hardly be jealous of that face."

The streets were busy with traffic, life was still going on. What a fool I must be, she thought; and what a state to get into, for a woman of nearly forty. She began to consider the relative age of Lucille. "I guess there's a time of life when all women go a little cuckoo. Anyway, she still loves him—as much as she ever did."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Earth Man

SAD INDIAN: A Novel about Mexico. By THAMES WILLIAMSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

THERE are many ways known to novelists of making readers acquainted with their heroes. Thames Williamson's approach is hinted at in the "Old Saying" before the title page of his novel: "A man has a skin but the skin is not the man." This author is concerned, as his work continues to show, with revealing the secret lives of men who are voiceless and who, by and large, are judged by their skins alone. In his last novel "In Krusack's House" the inner life of a hunky—the Polish Jencic, second baker and clean-up man—is made moving, explicit, and intense. In "Sad Indian" we share the experience of a Mexican peon, and are again translated into the inside of a human being who could never state his own case.

In spite of his sub-title, Williamson does not write of Mexico in the round, but only of Mexico as it impinges on the skin of Juan—a necessarily limited if carefully selected fragment of the country. Though the Indian is a man in motion, geographically speaking, from the first page to the last, this motion towards the city of the mixed bloods with wheat to sell from the back of a burro is not a real progression in the spiritual sense—it is rather a seasonal happening; a movement of feet and senses towards where lies money and strange experience, a movement of instinct deeper than the call of pulque or of woman back to earth when earth again needs labor. We quit this Juan on the very road where we first met him just after he has disposed of his inconveniently devoted mixed blood sweetheart Concha, by dropping her over a convent wall—an act symbolic of Juan's inability to assimilate the whole cycle of his experience in the city. Without the girl who had sheltered him, and the earth goddess who was more mighty than the Virgin, to whom he had sacrificed a pigeon, he could never have survived it so long—yet he is scarcely aware of this basic truth.

Even more than in the case of Jencic, Williamson pushes one into Juan's skin, until perforce, one knows concretely and actually what it is to trudge along a dusty road with a turkey-man from a hacienda; and when one reaches the cobblestones of the treacherous town, to follow a wheat thief into a dark room, with a knife—only to discover the fellow to be a brazen girl who sells fibre baskets; a girl to sleep with for convenience and for revenge but not very potent, as her breasts are not heavy with earth or mother's milk.

Though a white man may like or love a primitive man this business of sharing his skin, becoming flesh of his flesh, identifying with his inner beast—the beast that is fatally drawn to pulque, for instance, and that sees in Concha only a trap and cushion—does violence to certain things that have happened to white men between the Stone Age and our day and proves the psychological truth that a real relationship between human beings cannot be had without a certain distance. In "Sad Indian," in spite of intuitive suggestions of distant Indian mysteries, there is little hinterland; even the narrative form of the book—written wholly in the present tense—conspires to present Juan's experience as all foreground—imminent, brutal, or grotesque—absorbing in the second of its immediate perception, but phantasmagoric essentially trivial.

Yet to quarrel with this is perverse for Williamson's intent and his art, if I understand it, is to prove that the peon has no perspective—that Juan is the victim of circumstances which sting him like insect bites; that everything that happens to him in the town is fortuitiously mischievous, forcing him to flounder, and resent his own bewilderment. He cuts through difficulties, not with the serene gravity and poise which Indians so often show in difficult situations but by hate, by indifference, by a blind resentment toward the mestizos and mestizas who bedevil him with their indeed most insufferable insolence. He is as touchy about his inferiorities as any Sicilian peasant growing up in New York.

The mood of the book is one of susceptibility; it conveys sharply and pictorially the scourge of racial conflict and the impotent suffering of the man at the bottom of the heap who is better in many essentials than the man at the top. The end of the book forecasts the ultimate victory of the Indian in Mexico. Juan's earth, says the author, is stronger than the elements that scorn the earth.

If so, why this sentimental white man's title? Juan was not sad to himself—he was confused and baffled but not beaten. When a title goes so wrong one must expect some crosscurrents in the author's mind, in dealing with his subject. Perhaps this gifted and versatile novelist, whose mediumistic intuition of the man of alien skin is finely typical of our time, is a little in danger of being run away with by his thesis. Can a white man present an Indian subjectively and hit the bull's eye, save by a stroke of genius? The tragedy of Jencic is that of any earth man dumb and kind, tied to a lovely, cruel creature who flaunts her superiority. Its undercurrents are as true for Park Avenue apartments as for Krusack's house. The story of Juan takes place in a region so remote from our daily knowledge—for we keep our primitives well walled up in the subcellars of our consciousness—that its implications, while they may intrigue us, do not seem final.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO VETERANS

LOOKING about me at the moment in the field of poetry there seems to be only one new book of stature. Reviewers have already been considering two new books by established poets, both of which, while dignified additions to their serried volumes, add nothing to their reputations. These latter two are *A Tale of Troy*, by John Masefield (Macmillan), and *Nicodemus*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson (Macmillan), one English poet and one American.

For his superior work in the past the present Poet Laureate of England ranks second, perhaps, only to William Butler Yeats among poets of the British Isles, and *A Tale of Troy* is interesting in the manner of its presentation; but in comparison with the positive inspiration and energy of his best work, "Dauber," "Reynard the Fox," "The Hounds of Hell," it is nowhere. It does not rivet the attention or grip the emotions as even former fragmentary interpretations of the so-ancient story by this writer have occasionally done. Reviews of it have been astonishingly favorable, and I must admit I am at a loss to see why. It remains to me one of Masefield's minor books.

When we turn to Mr. Robinson, we must admit, as we are always forced to admit, his entire competence within the pattern of his own style. He is as sage and as subtle as ever. And his maintenance of a high level of writing is no less than marvelous when one takes into consideration the amount of the work he has done. He suffers most by comparison with himself. Is it, to paraphrase his closing lines in "Hector Kane," a new poem in this volume, that we have already made "as much as we could read of all that he has learned"? Not quite; because rereading Robinson one is constantly finding new suggestions. But this latest volume does not seem to add much to them. And his choice of themes seems less interesting than formerly. As in the case of Masefield, *Nicodemus* is one of Robinson's lesser works, though it is a dignified book; and were it a new poet who stepped forward with such a presentation of thought so mature, we should probably become excited. As it is, having established for Robinson a cruelly high standard, we can only say, "This is not Robinson's best." In the case both of Masefield and of Robinson we have reason to know what they can do in the way of the positively magical phrase. Their styles are not comparable, being so different, but within his own, Robinson has maintained a more consistently high level, Masefield being capable both of superb poetry and, in his weak moments, of something perilously near balderdash. Aside from that, both men have established leadership, and no crowns go down with the issuance of these volumes. It is simply that they do not dazzle us once more.

MRS. FIELD'S "BARABBAS"

The single new book of stature, of which I have already spoken, is *Barabbas: A Dramatic Narrative*, by Sara Bard Field, published by Albert & Charles Boni. Mrs. Field is the wife of Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of that particularly fine poem, *The Poet in the Desert*. I first read *Barabbas* in manuscript, and am too much a friend of its author to be a properly detached reviewer of the book. It will be reviewed elsewhere in this periodical by another hand. I may only quote from what no less a poet than Robinson Jeffers says in regard to it: ". . . a streaming narrative of important events, jeweled with lovely imagery and shining words. . . . Behind the lovely poetry, the carefully studied history, the dramatic confrontation of Jesus and Barabbas, the unity of this theme directs the poem's wide arc of flight, subordinating even the crucifixion and the fall of Jerusalem into episodes." For the first time since Anna Hempstead Branch's *Nimrod*, a woman poet has addressed herself to a theme of great proportions. Mrs. Field, a Gentile, has treated Jewish history in the epic manner. The author does not command the positively marvelous phrase that Miss Branch commanded in her *Nimrod*, but Mrs. Field's poem is both powerful and moving. Her story gave me an entirely new insight into the history of the Jews. It is nobly conceived and nobly executed.

DISCUSSION OF POETRY

I have not yet finished reading Chard Powers Smith's *Pattern and Variation in Poetry* (Scribners). This is a large and comprehensive book upon the poetic art and contains much enlightenment for practitioners. It is slightly verbose, but its analyses are often extremely interesting. It is the best treatise on poetry that has appeared recently.

An important American poet now among us again is T. S. Eliot whose *Poems 1909-1925* are published over here by Harcourt, Brace. If you wish to read a dissection of his critical method and an answer to his recent essay, "Poetry and Propaganda," get Louis Grudin's *Mr. Eliot among the Nightingales*, published in Paris by Lawrence Drake and over here by Covici, Friede, Inc. Within the subtlety and abstruseness of both books you will find much food for thought concerning the relationship between philosophy and poetry. Eliot is one of the most interesting phenomena of our time, though he has had nothing of much significance to offer us since *The Waste Land*, and has now become involved in dialectical processes which he seems but imperfectly to understand.

RENAISSANCE NARRATIVE

The Harbor Press, New York, has issued a narrative poem by Louis How, entitled *The Other Don Juan*, with illustrations by Steele Savage. Mr. How's note to his book informs us that "This is not Don Juan Tenorio, four times immortalized, by Tirso, by Molière, by Mozart, by Byron. This is the other Don Juan, Count of Maraña, also immortalized, let us hope, in one of the little prose masterpieces by Mérimée. To that, to *Les Armes du Purgatoire*, I am most deeply indebted for the incidents of the following tale." Now a tale in verse of the late Renaissance should properly interest me, but as Mr. How has treated it, in blank verse that is fairly undistinguished, it does not vitally affect me. I shall have to go back to the prose original of Mérimée, even though I acknowledge certain merits in Mr. How's long narrative.

THREE MINOR POETS

From the other books that confront me I choose those of David Morton, Wilbert Snow, and L. A. G. Strong. David Morton issues a new volume of his own poems, *Earth's Processional* (Putnam), and an anthology of which he is editor, *Short Modern Poems* 1900-1931 (Harper). "Of some frail ecstasy or dim despair," to quote Mr. Morton's own words, is what this poet sings. He is fain of Autumn and falling leaves. He can build a strong sonnet, as in "The Mountain," but most of his sonnets seem merely graceful. "Out of the Dust" is a lyric "lovely and grave and sweet," and here is "Epigram," which speaks for itself:

Give a name to your sorrow,
A little spoken frame,
The soul has terror only
Of things without a name.

But give no name to your joy,
Lest, spoken once and heard,
It all become a little thing,
No wider than a word.

But there is nothing in his book that leaps like fire from the page, as, in my view, poetry should. Mr. Morton's choices from other poets, in his anthology, are for the most part good. It is an interesting selection. Yet one does not discern any particular reason why it should have been made, in view of all the other anthologies upon the market.

Wilbert Snow's *Down East* is published by Gotham House, 66 Fifth Avenue, this city, and is composed of narratives, lyrics, and sonnets. There is sinew here, and good homely words well used, and vigor and freshness together with a certain clumsiness. In general, there is life in the work, originality of approach. I like the narratives best, though often nowadays I find blank verse tedious and wonder why poets usually prefer it for narrative. Few can wield it properly and would make their stories more trenchant through the use of some rhyme-scheme. Snow is a tough New Englander, and the salt of the sea is in him. The 'Etching" that opens his volume is deeply trenched and significant. The "Evangelist" is an arresting story. Snow's observations of nature often contain fortunately descriptive words. So one forgives occasional slipshodness.

L. A. G. Strong's *Selected Poems* (Knopf) are drawn from five books. As a winnowing they somewhat disappoint, though "The Brewer's Man" from the Dublin section and "Zeke" from the Devon one, are masterpieces of curious humor. Here is the latter dialect gem:

Gnarly and bent and deaf's a pos'
Poor ole Ezekiel Purvis
Goeth crippin' slowly up the 'ill
To the Commoonion Survis.

And tappy tappy up the haisle
Goeth stick and brassy ferrule:
And Passon 'ath to stoopy down
An' 'olley in ees yerole.

"The Knowledgeable Child" is also an excellent Irish bit. Mr. Strong is best at brevities in a particular *genre*.

IF POETRY PAID.

Illustration by George Morrow, reproduced in E. V. Lucas's "Reading, Writing and Remembering" (Harpers).

(*See page* 220)

A copy of the extremely rare 1710 edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" fetched £110 at a recent London sale, and at another a copy of the almost equally rare first edition of Dickens's "The Battle of Life" (1846) was sold for £260. Only six or seven copies are known to exist.

the book about
D. H. LAWRENCE
that was suppressed
in England.

Catherine Carswell's

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The public of the late D. H. Lawrence will welcome this truly essential portrait of the great writer, finally made available in America. It is an intimate record of the man as seen within his own circle of experience, written by an intimate friend, confidante, and advisor, herself a scholar (*The Life of Robert Burns*) and a novelist (*Open the Door!*). She is the friend to whom Lawrence wrote: "You are the only woman I have met who is so intrinsically detached . . . as to be a real writer, artist, or recorder." *Just out*, $2.75

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Points of View

Open Letters

To Don Marquis:

I wish all writers whom I admire could admire each other's works, but of course that's impossible. If I learned that Theodore Dreiser never chuckled over Hermione, does not love Archy, and does not include Mehitabel among his heroines—if I learned that he is insensitive to your poetry—I would lament his limitations. When you confess that you can't go T. D.'s novels, I lament yours. I know you have some little regard for my judgment, and I want you to know that in my opinion those, be they "admirers" or denigrators, who say "Dreiser can't write" are all wet. I say these critics have no inner ear for a prose rhythm which Dreiser himself may not know he is putting into the march of his sentences, but which is there by the compulsion of the force, fervor, and honesty of his utterance. When I had finished reading "An American Tragedy,' a sense of a great, slow, emphatic rhythm, a sense of destiny marching, echoed in my mind for days. And yes, by all means go back and read "Jenny Gerhardt," and start at the end, at the scene where Jenny, outside the gate, sees the coffin of her lover hurried away by the freight-hands to whom he is "another stiff." You will not remain unmoved. . . .

To Hendrick Van Loon:

Do go back up the Hudson and have another look at that bridge—not the pleasant, ordinary traffic bridge, but the railroad bridge, the one that rests on many pillars and is an unanswerably straight line at the top. Of course I don't know whether it may lose effectiveness seen from above. But ask the Hudson River Day Line to get out one of its boats, now tucked in for the Winter, or call on a rich friend to turn the prow of his yacht toward Poughkeepsie. Look up at that bridge from below. Look long and lovingly. It is the most beautiful work of man in America. Maybe the builders never gave a thought to esthetic proportion, but for once, practical demands coincided with the most sensitive, the most poetic design. Rejoice in the exact lift of the high spans, the exact dip of the low, the extraordinary delicacy of the interlacing of the girders—and that long straight line that binds the gracious curves and traceries into a firm whole, and sets up there on high a kind of artificial horizon beyond which there is only infinity.

To Samuel S. Wyer and M. Lincoln Schuster:

Gentlemen, you are public benefactors. I suggest life imprisonment for any publisher who sends out a book with uncut pages.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

The Breeches Bible

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In recent issues of *The Saturday Review* there have been several references to a so-called "Breeches Bible," and various "issues" of ancient dates have been reported by your subscribers, the oldest to date being that in the Zion Reserach Library and dated 1560. This your correspondent says is the first edition. Actually there is no such thing as an "edition" of this Bible, as the rendering occurs in a number of editions of the English printed Bible or parts thereof, in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

The first appearance of this use of the word "Breeches" or its contemporary equivalent will be found in Caxton's translation of the Golden Legend, printed at Westminster in 1483. This contained most of the five books of Moses and the Gospels, and rendered the verse (Gen. 3:7) as follows:

> And thus they knewe then that they were naked. And they toke figge leuis and sewed them togyder for to couere theyr membres in maner of brechis.

This is the first printed English Bible. It is therefore the first edition of the "Breeches Bible" if such can be said to exist.

Ottumwa, Iowa. T. HENRY FOSTER.

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

Sir: I am gathering material for a book on American travelers in Italy from 1750 to 1850. I should be very grateful to anyone who could give me indications of diaries, journals, letters and correspondence, or books written by Americans in Italy during this peroid. I should especially appreciate the indication of any privately printed book or books by Americans printed in Great Britain.

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI.
Columbia University.

Literary Stewardship

Sir:

Stewards on steamships are, I have decided, excellent publishing advisers. The stewards on this boat (headquarters Antwerp) being mainly Flemish, are not up on the latest English literature, but they're swell on Dutch. Consequently I asked mine, whose name is Verheyen, for advice on a Dutch book entitled "Rubber," by M. H. Szekely-Luloss, a story of the Dutch East Indies. He said the author was first-class and the novel a most vivid one. Therefore I bought the translation rights, and the Century Company will publish it next year (adv.).

That having exhausted my stock of Dutch books, and likewise my knowledge of Dutch modern literature, I've been rather at a standstill. You'll admit, however, that the evidence submitted shows a high standard of literacy among the stewards of the Red Star Line. It also clearly indicates the advantage of taking something besides the *Majestic* and *Aquitania,* where I am sure the stewards read nothing except Ethel M. Dell and Sir James Jeans, or the *Bremen* where Vicki Baum and Einstein are the sole refuges of the leisure hours.

This really concludes my assignment, but I wish to whisper one additional word about a swell Scotch novel entitled "Sunset Song," about which the London critics have been raving, and a somewhat cosmic and very unusual German book on the current state of civilization (?) and how it got that way about which more anon.

CURTICE H. HITCHCOCK.
S. S. *Westernland* at Sea.

Ronsard's Verse

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have by me a book of Ronsard's verse. Reading just recently the well-known "Elégie à Remy Belleau" in which Ronsard gives his birthday as *Saturday,* September 11, 1524 it occurred to me to check the day. Doing so by a universal calendar I carry in my head, I find that, unless I have made a mistake, September 11, 1524 fell on a *Sunday.*

Perhaps you will be interested to check this. It would have been easy for Ronsard to have been mistaken as to the day of the week on which he was born (so few people know this with certainty) but it seems incredible that, if he did write "samedi" in error, no bibliophile has noticed it. Or can it be that I am not the first to have noted this matter?

The date must be checked by the *old* calendar, of course.

WILLIAM H. PALMER, JR.
Bryn Mawr Hospital, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

An Unfounded Incident

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

There is always an even demand for historical novels or novels with an historical foundation, so when Miss Carlisle's new book, "We Begin," was published the library where we go had it on its new book list as an historical novel, and as such many are reading it.

Only a few pages from the opening, one finds this, regarding Queen Elizabeth:

> Elizabeth simply didn't know what was to be done about her sister Mary. Execution of one's sister seemed somehow appalling. And what would people say? Calling Davidson to her, the queen begged him to poison her sister secretly. But to Davidson an execution was one thing, whereas to poison Mary secretly was murder. Doubtless to Mary it was all the same. He refused.

Since when has it been an historical fact that Mary Queen of Scots was a *sister* of Elizabeth? If the rest of the account of the incident is as unfounded as this, perhaps the entire book is undependable, and would it not be better to consider it pure fiction, not supposed to be according to the facts?

New York City. M. E. ACKLEY.

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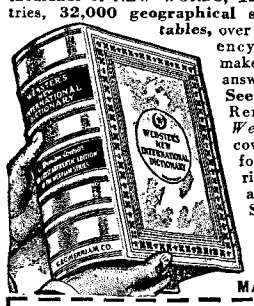

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FROM ONE WHO KNOWS

Saturday Review of Literature,
25 West 45th Street,
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Gentlemen:

In renewing my subscription for two years to The Review, it gives me great pleasure to say that I value it highly, and am of the opinion that there is no review of literature equal to it, not only for the wide angle of view which one gets from the great variety of reviewers, but for the quality those reviews have of keeping current literature in touch with current thought.

Sincerely yours,

MARY AUSTIN.

The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Belles Lettres

PROSPECTING FOR HEAVEN. By EDWIN R. EMBREE. Viking. 1932. $1.75.

Most of the interlocutors in this discussion are specialists in the application of some phase of modern knowledge to human progress. They are critics of, believers in, and some of them enthusiasts for, the present age and its prospects, especially its prospects. The heaven they prospect for is a heaven on earth, the Good Life in the Great Society. By reason of their special interests the earthly heaven they look for is largely built on hygienic perfections, physical and mental, and on educational methods. The most mordant criticism of the prospects comes from the only woman present, but there is also a Chinese philosopher who doubts, though more blandly. It is his final doubt which turns the eyes of the uplifters and prospectors away from programs, and fixes the thoughts of each on his own social and personal shortcomings. The Good Life is not something that can be applied ready made. It has to be lived by each man himself. The kingdom of heaven is not a social arrangement, nor a standard of comfort. The kingdom of heaven is within you, and nowhere else.

Two books, which we happened to be reading at the same time as this, seemed to offer each its comment on Mr. Embree's discussion: Stuart Chase's "Mexico" and Professor Keller's "Man's Rough Road." Mr. Chase doubts whether mechanized and hygienic Middletown (Muncie, Indiana) is as civilized in the essentials as Tepotzlan in southern Mexico, which is good to look at though not so good to smell, and whose way of life is substantially as it was a thousand years ago. Interlocutor Judd, who is Dean of a College of Education, regards education as the passing on of civilization from one generation to the next, and that is a more satisfactory and inclusive definition than most. It includes both training and information. It is all that must be added to what we are born with to enable the next lot to carry on. The more complex the civilization the more education is required to keep it up. The question recurs whether, if the civilization were more simple, it might not be better for the Good Life.

Biography

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM E. BARTON. With an Introduction by BRUCE BARTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $3.

It is one of the pleasant things in Dr. Barton's appraisal of his career that he is serenely satisfied;—sure that he has done something of excellence. Not that there is anything smug or boastful about him; rather, it is the story of a man who has looked upon sixty-seven years of an active life and found it good. And indeed, it was an honorable career; lived through with conscientious effort, warmed by much kindliness, domestic affection, and brotherly love, and successful along the lines which he believed acceptable to his Creator. He was thoroughly of his times: a fair epitome of a late Victorian philosophy of life, fitting neatly into the comfortable years of the eighties and well into the beginning of the present century, a philosophy which was aware of Darwin and Huxley and the German higher criticism, and which imagined that it had reached a good working agreement with science. As often happens in such recitals, the chapters dealing with childhood, youth, and the early struggles to find one's place in the scheme of things, are far more interesting and much better done than those covering later years.

Fiction

DANCE OUT THE ANSWER. By DAVID MCCLOUD. Longman's, Green. 1932. $2.25.

Despite certain affectations of style and copious blood transfusions from the general body of our more advanced culture, this novel is not arresting enough to find many readers outside the area, unspecified, which it undertakes to describe. The author has broken loose from conventional structure but has failed to create a form. The effect is of writing that is merely inexpert. If the story, instead of being blurred with overtones, clouded with reticences, and eked out with innuendo, had been sharpened and brought into focus, it would have emerged as the comedy of a natural sensual man, a professor of music in a small endowed college, chafing under domestic and academic restraints. But the author would first of all have had to determine the extent of Alfie's rebellion and what consequences it entailed, a decision which David McCloud has demurely evaded. He would have had to decide whether Alfie's gay paganism ever came to much more than holding hands in the dark, a blighting suspicion which at certain points is bound to occur to an unregenerate reader. Teaching in a college must be pleasant but unexciting, to judge from most of the novels that are written about it. Perhaps a gay pagan would do better to work in a garage!

LARGO. By P. N. KRASSNOFF. Duffield & Green. 1932. $3.50.

The redoubtable General Krassnoff, author of "From Double Eagle to Red Flag," returns to the attack with still another able-bodied novel of pre-revolutionary Russia.

There are 600 pages of "Largo." The famous Beylis "ritual murder" case is its melodramatic backbone, and about this grewsome center are arranged a romance between an unhappily-married lady and a noble officer of the Guards, various sinister subsidiary characters, and a characteristically Krassnoffian picture of a holy Russia peopled by brave and simple-hearted army officers, devout peasants, wives, and sweethearts of the early Tolstoy school, gradually poisoned and brought down by pestiferous "liberals," Free Masons, atheists, and other vermin.

There is much that is naive in the story, in addition to the frequent footnotes, which enter frankly into controversy, or say, in effect, of some incident in the story or bit of dialogue, "Don't think that this is fiction—it actually happened," and give names and dates to prove it. The plucky old Ataman lives sturdily in the Russian past, fights for it devotedly, and makes no bones about which side he is on.

But he has, nevertheless, a real gift for story-telling, a verve and spaciousness that at least suggest Dumas. And if he is what many, nowadays, would call "reactionary," he is always the officer and gentleman, and likable for the stout fashion in which he stands up for values which had their virtue and beauty, however some of them may seem to belong to a vanished world.

THREE BROTHERS AND SEVEN DADDIES. By HENRY HARRISON KROLL. Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. 1932. $2.

Mr. Kroll gives us a full measure of the appealing qualities that we have come to associate with books of the Southern mountains, but he gives also an element not always found—an exciting story. Told by itself his plot would, indeed, be thought melodramatic, but as it is fitted here into its background among these primitive people with their credulousness and superstitious fears, it seems to fall into place.

The earlier chapters outline the characters of this isolated valley, with their strengths and weaknesses, their oddities and their community loyalties or feuds—all self-contained in this little corner of the world. Over them the Daddies and the Brothers brood—great mountains which have looked down on many generations changing in face but not in character or tradition. So much of the thought of these people is bound up with omens and superstitions that their freedom of action seems almost vanished. Emotion thus lies near the surface and perhaps fills some of the blanks in a simple and hard-beaten life.

Leaf Gillian's love-affair with Tennsy forms the main outline of the book, faring up and down with the conjures of old Granny Pigeon, the jealous manœuvres of rivals, the brutality of Leaf's father (who is not, old Granny reveals, his father at all), and the attempts of his desperate young stepmother to win him for herself.

As in many mountain tales, the parts which the reader will linger over and most enjoy are those in which the homely but salted language of the cabin dwellers brings out sharply their own ways and their own beliefs—either strikingly true or just as strikingly false. Mr. Kroll has a genuine gift at revealing all this. Each character is an individual, vividly drawn, yet nothing is overwritten and the whole is done with much simplicity. Small but imaginative decorations by the author at the head of each chapter are full of the dark atmosphere of lonely cabins and brooding mountains, and add much to the effectiveness of the book.

THE MANGO TREE. By MARGARET HAMILTON. Century. 1932. $2.

Few childhoods have as colorful a background as that described by Miss Hamilton in "The Mango Tree." It is the real background of her own youth and loquats, grenadillas, and martingulus were as little cause for wonder with her as apples, oranges, or pears are with less tropically raised children. And sentences that might have come out of an "Arabian Nights" tale are set down as a matter of course. Think of being able to say from infant observation, "the lizzards laid turquoise eggs on the summits of the pineapples."

A South African childhood under any circumstnace would necessarily be picturesque but when the subject is a particularly sensitive and imaginative little girl who plays alone amid the strange animals and exotic vegetation all the effects are heightened through the constant contrasts. Like so many other children, this little girl peopled her world with imaginaryplayfellows of all ages and of most complex personalities. But the advantage that these invisible people have over the others that lead a similarly tenuous existence is that these have received a very full and beautiful bodying forth at the hands of Miss Hamilton. These companions seem still real to her and they are often more sympathetically described than the factual people in the book.

Outwardly the childhood described is a lonely and unhappy one. Constantly aware of misunderstanding and injustice in the adult world about her, the child retires more and more into her secret world of the mango tree, where dreams are dreamed and schemes are schemed and plots most upsetting to the elders are hatched. There is little humor in the book, there is considerable sentimentality, and the prevailing note is melancholy not uncolored by the pathos of distance. While "The Mango Tree" has something rather rare and precious to offer one cannot quite escape the feeling that the author was a little too much aware of the fact. Perhaps if the story had been told in the

(*Continued on page 229*)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Saturday Review of Literature, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1932.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; William Rose Benét, 25 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the know bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of October, 1932. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 179. New York Register's No. 3F120, Commission Expires March 30, 1933.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

V. S. M., Economy, Indiana, asks for novels of Wyoming and Montana, and for books with something of the life of rangers and of dude-ranches.

"THE Stranger from Cheyenne," by J. B. Ames, is a Wyoming novel; Milton Brinig's "Wide Open Town" is in Montana. The latter, published this year by Farrar & Rinehart, takes place in the copper-mining town of Silver Bow. It should be remembered that the "Mineville" treated in such detail in Albert Blumenthal's sociological study, "Small-Town Stuff" (University of Chicago) is Philipsburg, Montana, the county seat of Granite County. The ranger novels of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, of which a fine new edition is impending, were mentioned in this column not long ago. A highly popular collection of short stories is "Sun-Up," by Will James (Scribner).

Of recently published reminiscences, Bud Cowan's "The Range Rider" (Doubleday, Doran) is the youth of a cowboy growing up on the plains after the Civil War in Wyoming and Idaho. "A Vaquero of the Brush Country," by James F. Dobie (Southwest Press), is based on the reminiscences of a real vaquero, John Young of Alpine, Texas, but becomes by the additional information with which it is reinforced, a valuable social history of a romantic period. "The XIT Ranch of Texas," by J. E. Haley, is the history of the three million acre tract in the Texas Panhandle given by the state to the Farwell family in exchange for a capitol building. The book is published by the trustees of the Capitol Reservation Lands, 208 S. LaSalle street, Chicago. The autobiography of Will James, "Lone Cowboy" (Scribner), has even more appeal than his stories, such as "Smoky," and old and young, East and West, love the book. Lee Sage's "The Last Rustler" (Little, Brown) is the spirited autobiography of a cowpuncher, involving sidelights on horse-thieves. C. A. Siringo's "Riata and Spurs" is another life-story that boys like. In "French Heels to Spurs," by Loraine Fielding (Century), the grand-daughter of William T. Hornaday tells about her summer on a dude ranch in Montana, where she evidently had a grand time.

A. H. S., New Jersey, has undertaken to write the preface for a town history. "The preface must be in keeping with the tone of the book, but I wish to avoid that terrible elephantine tread. Can you suggest some books that might nourish whatever seedlings of literary talent I may possess? I should like to be immersed in a stimulating author and then, putting him aside, say: 'Now I can write exactly as I want!'" This demand may sound strange, but not to one who though inexperienced in writing for publication, has a certain amount of this to do. Certain books really have just this stimulating effect on certain people; for some reason it might be hard for them to put into words, they may feel, midway of a sentence on the page, a blithe impulse to toss down the book and catch the task on the upward swing of its style. I used to use Chesterton's "Charles Dickens" for this very purpose. I knew a young writer for whom his "Manalive" was a sort of springboard—and I may add that neither of us ever wrote in the least like him and I for one don't think in the very least like him. But he does get one going furiously, whether at thinking or at writing. A biographer having trouble to get started should read the first page of E. F. Benson's "Charlotte Brontë" (Longmans, Green) and see if that doesn't float him off the shoals. I have been told that the novelist most likely to impel a writer of fiction into getting away with the first sentence is Somerset Maugham. I know that a natural tendency to take too many words may be curbed by a chapter or so of Abbé Dimnet's "Art of Thinking" (Simon & Schuster), as much by the style as by the subject matter. I once knew a man who made a practice of reading published volumes of letters because they helped him to write simply and directly, genuine personal letters being in general meant to convey information rather than to impress the reader. If among all this springboard literature nothing especially fits the case of A. H. S., I'll try again.

W. N. P., Swarthmore, Pa., tells E. B. R., Arcadia, Cal.: "Girl psychology there is aplenty in Mary Sayles's 'The Problem Child at Home' (Commonwealth Fund); in Blanche Weil's 'The Behavior of Young Children in the Same Family' (Harvard University Press), and in Eleanor Wembridge's wise foolings—I haven't her title at hand (Note by M. L. B.: These are 'Other People's Daughters' and 'Life Among the Low-brows' (Houghton Mifflin). But one also finds it in Shaw, from 'You Never Can Tell' to 'Misalliance,' perhaps further. And for one who has courage to look at many problems with individual eyes, George Moore has much to say, especially to us Americans—beauty, sanity, wistfulness, and a sometimes repellant candor. Dorothy Canfield is adequate of course, and does not stretch us taut, and Ethel Sidgwick is like her from an English angle. And what of Virginia Woolf? The girl psychology is there, if hidden."

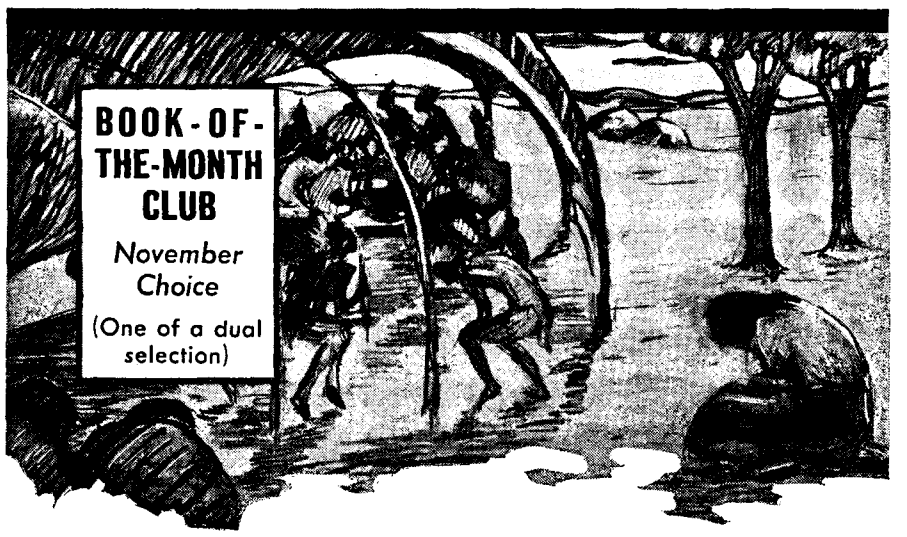
K. K. D., Norfolk, Va., asks for books dealing with the subjects of loss of memory and loss of the sense of identity. One has just appeared in London; "I Lost My Memory: the Case as the Patient Saw It" (Faber & Faber), a valuable study from the inside, genuine and neither too technical nor too sensational. Macmillan is soon to publish a book whose advance description sounds as if it might be one for this list: "Behind the Door of Delusion," an anonymous first-person story describing the observation and reactions of a newspaperman "when kindly friends sent me here (that is, to Ward 8 of a state hospital for the insane) to break up a lifelong chumminess with Old John Barleycorn." The best-known record of experience by one who recovered from mental derangement is probably "The Mind that Found Itself," by Clifford Beers (Doubleday, Doran).

J. N. P., Milwaukee, Wis., asks for my choice of new novels dealing with economic aspects of society. My own choice is "Nobody Starves," by Catherine Brody (Longmans, Green); I thought I could never again read a strictly proletarian novel with anything like the buoyant interest I found in, say the earlier works of Upton Sinclair, at the time these were coming out. But I read "Nobody Starves" in two great gulps, and it is a factory story without the least sensationalism—but, I hasten to say, not the least drab. It even goes up in scarlet at the end.

D. W. H., Marietta, Pa., asks for a recent book on South America, from a student's rather than a traveller's view, giving particular attention to the political, social, and economic conditions of the larger countries. He also wishes a book for the study of Spanish. "The New Map of South America," by Herbert Adams Gibbons (Century), sketches the historical development and indicates the present conditions of South American countries one by one, clearly and with attention to the features in which our business men are interested. Several other books of this general type have appeared since 1929, when this was published, but for most of us in the United States it is the best book to own.

Economic and political conditions of the present day, especially as they are involved in the contest between the United States and Europe for foreign trade south of Suez, are the subject of Joao Frederico Normano's "The Struggle for South America" (Houghton Mifflin) and the book should certainly be read by all who are interested in what the bright minds of Brazil and elsewhere in South America are thinking of us. Another South American book, soon to come from Houghton Mifflin, has a sentimental interest apart from its information: "Flying Over South America," by Annie S. Peck, the veteran mountain climber, is the story of her recent 20,000-mile flight, completed in time for the celebration of her eightieth birthday. Thereupon Peru decorated her and Chile decorated her and New York gave her a dinner at the Commodore.

J. P. W. Crawford's "First Book in Spanish" (Macmillan) is a reliable text for beginners, with grammar, but do get a set of phonograph records and let them play the language sweetly into your subconscious self as well.



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A World Symposium

WORLD SOCIAL ECONOMIC PLANNING. The Hague, Holland: International Industrial Relations Institute. 2 vols. 1932.

Reviewed by GEORGE SOULE

IN the summer of 1931, when nations were falling off the gold standard like shipwrecked sailors off a raft, and nobody knew what the next chill to confidence might be, the International Industrial Relations Institute held in Amsterdam a conference on World Social Economic Planning. Sixty persons, from twenty-three nations, took part in the discussion. There were eight preliminary economic analyses of the situation, and eighteen prepared addresses were delivered at the meetings. Economists, industrialists, and engineers, ranging in opinion from the laissez-faire of Manchester to the Communism of Moscow, exchanged their views. These two volumes, in English, French, and German, contain a record of the proceedings. The important papers which were not delivered in English are either translated or abstracted for English readers, while an able analysis and review of the Congress by Miss Mary Van Kleeck of the Russell Sage Foundation summarizes the arguments for the benefit of those who do not wish to read the original documents.

The volumes will be of first importance to any historian of social change, if not indeed to practical men looking for a guide to action. For they spread a panorama of virtually all the types of expert belief in relation to the depression which are entitled to respectful consideration. At some point in this range of opinion, and perhaps at several points in it, any conscious efforts of mankind to act more intelligently in the future must take their start.

Among such diverse views, it is interesting to find three broad agreements, accepted by almost everyone as the basis of discussion. First, the post-war period is characterized by the results of a rapid growth of productive capacity and a slower growth of, or, indeed, large decline of consumers' purchasing power. Second, the problem of achieving a balance between production and consumption is one, not of generally restricting output, but of expanding consumers' ability to buy. Third, the problem cannot be solved for the entire world, or indeed for many of its separate nations, on the basis of exclusive economic nationalism. Even the Russians pointed out the damage to Europe and themselves arising from the fact that they had been forced to construct a largely self-contained system, and could not trade abroad as freely as they wished.

These three assumptions sound commonplace until one gets them beside certain types of action now in vogue. There is one tendency, influential in nearly all countries, which is bent on general restriction of output, rather than on expansion of it. There is one which talks of going back to lower standards of living, lower wages everywhere, less extravagance—which means of course permanent diminution of consumption. And there is one, actually in the ascendancy in most nations, which seeks a way out in higher and higher tariffs, more and more restrictions on exchange of goods and money, a greater degree of national self-sufficiency. No expert at this conference would see much hope in any one of these lines of action.

Once the basic assumptions are made, however, the opinions of the experts begin to diverge. First on the ground were the conservative economists who prepared the preliminary analyses of the situation. It is a mistake to say that the economists do not know what is the matter—they do know most of the details, and have enumerated them many times. The difference among them arises in the way these details are put together, and in recommendations for action. Dr. Benham, who prepared the analyses of unemployment for England, had naturally emphasized two difficulties: a relationship between British prices and British wages which made it difficult for exporters to compete with foreign producers and therefore to employ labor, and the tendency throughout the world to raise trade barriers and seek national self-sufficiency. Dr. Max Lazard of France, who summarized the reports of the economists, catalogued all the important disturbances in the markets for labor, goods, and money, and pointed out that the depression was a cumulative effect of many factors. In England, for instance, it had been calculated that of every sixteen unemployed, five were idle because of ordinary maladjustments in the labor market, six because of conditions peculiar to post-war England, and five because of the general economic crisis.

The general crisis was characterized, at its beginning, by a fall in the prices of raw materials and foodstuffs. Some attribute this fall primarily to currency difficulties—gold, banking policy, and the like. Some attribute it to restricted income of buyers, especially in the countries ruined by the war. The French economists, while recognizing these influences, hold mainly to a simpler idea—actual overproduction (in relation to predictable demand) of raw materials and foods in the United States and other countries which were not impoverished by the war, but rather were stimulated economically by it. According to Miss Van Kleeck's summary of this view, producers in these countries "overestimated the future demand of an impoverished Europe and underestimated the future capacity of production of Europe restored. The first error explains the crisis of 1920 to 1921; the two errors together, especially in wheat and sugar, led to the 1929 and the present crisis."

Delay of the readjustment to the new conditions of demand and supply made the recent crisis more severe when it came. This delay was caused, according to the theory, by pools, monopolies, and governmental agencies to hold up prices, in wheat, coffee, copper, rubber, and the like, speculation based on credit in the United States, and the whole train of consequences of foolish optimism in this country, from over-extension of instalment buying to over-investment in industrial capacity. It is important to recognize that the storm center of the international economic hurricane is believed by many responsible economists to have arisen within the borders of the United States of America, though secondary centers are found in other raw-material producing countries, as well as in Germany, Central Europe, England, and Italy. In Europe arose such problems as reparations, political disturbances, unsettled currencies, and the like.

Dr. Robert Willbrandt provided a remarkably clear picture of what had happened in the Reich, showing how Germany was forced toward a nationalist economic policy. Germany must either (a) reduce her imports, thus injuring those who wish to sell to her, or (b) increase her exports—which means starting an international competition in wage reduction, in view of the barricade of customs barriers and import restrictions, or (c) obtain a reduction of reparations and possibly of other debts. It looks now as if Germany would be impelled to follow both (a) and (b) even after obtaining reparations relief.

So much for the historical material. What could be done? Dr. Otto Neurath of Vienna released the imagination by drawing a picture of world resources and world demands in terms of factories, goods, and men, deliberately banishing from his discussion the financial terms in which these things are measured in the realm of trade. He showed by vivid diagrams how capacity to produce per man had increased, how it would be physically possible to arrange for the satisfaction of everyone's wants on a worldwide basis, if only we knew how to get the goods which can be produced to the consumers who need them. This conception, often stated in generalities, he based on definite statistics and concrete studies of the world's population and resources. A mere demonstration of this sort, without argument for any particular type of remedy, proves that the problem is, at bottom, one of management. The pieces of the picture puzzle are all here; it remains to fit them together.

The sort of management suggested by the more conservative economists constitutes a return to laissez-faire—a laissez-faire modified, to be sure, in the interest of desirable social standards, but still one in which the interaction of demand, supply, and price would be more prompt and easy than it has recently been. This means, according to men like Benham and Lazard, limiting industrial and financial concentrations, ceasing attempts to control prices by pools, tariffs, cartels, and the like, removing obstacles to wage adjustment and the mobility of labor, cutting down trade barriers. Then, in theory, changes in demand would quickly register themselves in prices, which would in turn promptly affect production. Maladjustments would not accumulate into crises; a flexible and fluid system would continually adjust itself to conditions. We must note that this policy is not one of acquiescence in what now exists, not one of mere drift. It demands changes in the present economic order quite as drastic as those recommended by the radicals. Peoples and governments, in order to effectuate it, would have to make an about-face and rigorously check tendencies which have grown irresistibly during at least a half century. Indeed the prescription seems to me hopelessly utopian.

Dr. H. S. Person, representative of the most advanced group of American management engineers, outlined an exactly contrary policy. He is impressed by the growth of conscious foresight and control in individual establishments, and he sees the solution of the economic problem only in an extension of the same technique of management to whole industries, national economies, and the world itself. His paper is perhaps the best extant description of the broader principles of scientific management. Through use of research and standardization, scientific management "discovers, reconstructs, defines, and coordinates the factors of a managerial situation, brings them under coöperative control, and thereby establishes relative stability." This, however, is not a changeless stability. The control, "on the one hand, makes it possible to avoid unexpected change caused by unknown forces, and, on the other hand, to promote desired change through controlled utilization of known forces." But of course this technique cannot work well in an interrelated world if applied only to small, separate units. It must continually broaden its field until control is established of the whole area affected. The achievement of such a result may of course require an entirely different sort of political society, and one motivated by different ends from those sought by individual business men. That is a problem Dr. Person does not discuss thoroughly. He does say, however, that common, social ends must be sought if the technique is to achieve its expected results on a large scale. And he says of scientific management, "so fundamental are both its principles and technique, that, although they had their origin and primary development in a highly individualistic and capitalistic society, they may serve equally well any other conceivable form of social organization."

M. Obolensky-Ossinsky and the other Russian delegates provided a highly useful account of the development of the Soviet economy and of the planning methods which it has been using. Here the problem of establishing political authority for planning has been solved; the task has become one of applying the technique. This aspect of the matter was frequently emphasized by the Soviet speakers, who contended that succesful economic planning would be impossible under capitalism. Obolensky-Ossinsky did not see how capitalism could be extricated from the contradictions of its critical period. These contradictions—already implicit in much that had previously been said—he expounded in considerable detail. "You can be of different opinions about the Russian means of production," he declared, "but one fact cannot be denied: we have no general crisis of production in Russia, and this is a very logical result of the change in the basic fundamental of economic struggle."

Indirect confirmation for this point of view came from a German industrialist, Dr. Heinz Ludwig, in his opposition to economic planning, who stated that the application of scientific management was limited to the authority of a single enterprise, that international budgeting would not work because there was no will for it. In business it is not "ethics and spirit which rule, but interests and cynicism. . . . He who knows industry cannot rely upon the voluntary ethical coöperation of general directors as a means of development." Changes in economic systems, he said, can come about only in two ways, "under the pressure of necessity or through force." A French industrialist, Dr. Edmond Landauer, not only reinforced the view that national planning was not feasible, but went so far as to ask, "Have we the right to say that this crisis could have been avoided? . . . Are not economic crises an inevitable phenomenon, useful for the development of humanity?"

A group between the laissez-faire economists and the revolutionaries, of which Dr. Louis Lorwin of Washington was perhaps the most able representative, argued that a historical process was now leading in the direction of social-economic planning, even if we had no sudden revolution. "We are experiencing a world-wide process of social change from the unlimited economic individualism and political liberalism of the nineteenth century to new and as yet not fully perceived economic and political forms of the twentieth century." The idea of planning is the logical outcome of developments, not an accidental and temporary phenomenon. Dr. Lorwin rejected not only the return to laissez-faire but the type of planning by

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limited groups of industrialists and capitalists who seek merely to restrict production and peg prices. He wanted national and international planning for the good of the whole. He believed in "the possibility of unified direction without a dictatorship and without abolishing completely the rights and institutions of private property." It would, of course, rest on political authority as well as being voluntary in part. It would set up "technical and social standards for all industries," it would "supervise the price process," it would determine "the conditions under which credits would be granted to existing and new industrial enterprise." It would limit profits and subject them to social ends, but would not wholly eliminate individual and group initiative. This he defined as a "social progressive type of planned economy."

There is little doubt, in view of the evidence presented by this conference, that there exists sufficient intelligence to begin a program of this kind, if the will to do it could be created and the necessary political power could be achieved by those who had this will. Examination of its possibility should help to create the will. Creative thought of this nature, in view of present disasters, is likely to have some practical outcome. Of course such an effort, if made, might prove to be futile, as predicted by Communists and conservatives alike. It might lead to a further breakdown and the complete abolition of capitalism. But, on the other hand, it is inconceivable that we should stay much longer at the present stage of economic organization. Even the conservative experts admit that it does not and cannot work well. If we are not yet ready for revolution—and most signs indicate clearly enough that we are not—will not social pressures force us surely in the direction pointed out by Mr. Lorwin, at least for the time-being?

George Soule, an editor of the New Republic, *and director-at-large of the National Bureau of Economic Research, is the author of "A Planned Society," issued a few months ago.*

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 226)

third person this effect might have been avoided. As it is Miss Hamilton seems too much in love with her own youthful self, too sympathetic in regard to her own youthful tragedies.

Philosophy

THE ART OF FEELING. By HORACE G. WYATT. Houghton Mifflin. 1932. $2.50

This apt title for a timely book is a product of the restoration of the emotions to their rightful estate in human management. This in turn is the constructive reaction of the protest against the intellectualist's position, which is more than a point in a doctrinal psychology, for it touches the applied psychology of the street. Mr. Wyatt presents the accredited positions of modern doctrine, but keys them to the level of interest of the reflective layman. The charge is double barrelled: aiming at the illumination of the personal make-up, of its emotional set particularly, and at the social relations from neighbor to nation, which are likewise emotionally determined. The exposition is in terms of general experience with enough system and analysis to meet the needs of the student mind. For the great majority the art of feeling is a more vital acquisition than the art of thinking. Much of our thinking others can do for us; none of our feeling completely, though we are responsive to the compulsions of contagion and convention in both.

The central thesis is that emotional stability and maturity is an achievement, to be incorporated into the primary aims of education, not relegated to a by-product—welcomed if it arrives, and regretted if it fails. What is true in the personal relation is still more so in public affairs. Stupidity is costly; but emotional defect and distortion are fatal. Intelligence is but a mighty instrument in the service of right emotional relations. The human race is improvable; the technique of salvation is emotional control.

The message may appear somewhat barren and austere when summarized in phrases; it is not so in a context which carries conviction to thoughtful readers. Mr. Wyatt's volume takes its place in a campaign of enlightenment that has still to be widely popularized before it is flesh and bone of right living.

THE SCIENCE OF MAN IN THE MAKING. By *Edwin A. Kirkpatrick*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

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On Newspapers

THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPER. Some Account of the Physical Development of Journals Printed in London between 1622 and the Present Day. By STANLEY MORISON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $10.50.

Reviewed by CARL ROLLINS

IT is a little surprising that no more attention has been paid to the physical appearance of newspapers, in especial the earlier ones. Mr. Shaaber's volume on "Some Forerunners of the Newspaper in England" failed to pay any attention to the physical characteristics of the bewildering array of *Corantos, Diurnals, Intelligencers, Posts,* etc., which from the beginning of the seventeenth century paved the way for the newspaper. Various histories of journalism are likewise mostly occupied with the editorial side of news dissemination. It is therefore with much interest that one turns to Mr. Morison's book for a consideration of the typographical aspects of the newspaper.

This volume treats of the English newspaper from the appearance of the earliest issues which may fairly be called newspapers (using as a criterion the issuance of sheets usually bearing a consecutive number, and essentially different in format from a book) down to the *Times* of today. According to Mr. Morrison, the first *newspaper* was *The London Gazette,* appearing on February 5, 1665. (It had been preceded by the issuance in 1664, while the Court was withdrawn from London on account of the plague, of *The Oxford Gazette* of which it was a continuance.) It was a single leaf, printed on both sides, but in appearance it was a genuine newspaper.

The history of the newspaper from thence was one of development and growth, as the newspapers found their public, and the printers reflected in general the changing typographical styles. The physical evolution of the newspaper is, at least to a printer, a fascinating study, and nowhere can the study be pursued more pleasantly than in this book. It deals, to be sure, with only London newspapers; but since London journalism is practically British journalism, this has obvious advantages in compactness of examples. And since what is true of British typography is to a large extent true of American (that is to say, we follow Britain at some distance, with our own typical variations), we can see the evolution of newspaper styles much as they worked out in this country.

The eighteenth century newspaper was the best in design, type, and composition which we have ever seen: when Caslon and Baskerville type were in use, and, as in the case of newspapers, often used exclusively without the intrusion of "job" fonts, a homogeneity was achieved which can be equalled in no other way. And those newspapers carried a good deal of advertising matter, too. As the advertiser began to have more and more control of the newspaper, and as the "art of advertising" developed, the columns of the newspaper became crazier and crazier, added to which was the development of the scare head. The result was chaos. The English newspapers never became so violent or confused as ours—but on the other hand they were distinctly duller, typographically speaking. Nothing so ponderous and appalling as the English provincial newspaper has ever been seen: yet when the British style is at its best it can be extremely good, as witness the *Times* of the present day. It is almost an ideal newspaper—and that *almost* means that esthetically it is deficient. But this deficiency has been recognized even in the Thunderer's own office, and may eventually be corrected.

Mr. Morison's book has been amply printed by the Cambridge University Press, as a folio, in Bell type. There are many illustrations, two good indexes, and a stout binding. It is an unusually interesting and valuable popular work on a neglected subject.

Milestone

THE centenary of the birth of Louisa May Alcott falls on November 29th, but no such imposing observance of the event has been projected as that which signalized the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lewis Carroll earlier in the year. A form of observance both pleasant and practical would be the issuance, on the anniversary date, of an Alcott bibliography, but bibliographies, alas (or fortunately), do not spring up overnight. The fact that no adequate Alcott bibliography exists (or any at all, adequate or inadequate, apart from one or two serviceable but necessarily exiguous checklists) is one more woeful index of a situation that must confuse collector, librarian and scholar—it is not intended that any of these designations should automatically exclude the others—until time and research remedy it.

Happily, time and research do seem to be remedying it in the instances of certain important American authors, and it is inevitable that they will one day catch up with Louisa May Alcott. Adequate bibliographies of Irving, Cooper, Melville, Whittier, and Frank Forester will almost certainly be available within a year or two—at least it is reasonable to presume their adequacy. Bryant and Bret Harte still await the investigations they merit, and a dozen important men and women the contemporary topical and local character of whose work has long since put on the habit of timelessness and universality—Joel Chandler Harris and Sarah Orne Jewett, for example—are available to the inquiring student in search of bibliographical worlds to conquer.

The post-war stress on the moderns has inspired the compilation of many bibliographies of living authors whose productivity by no means ceased with the appearance of their bibliographies. The present comment is not at all intended to imply that these bibliographies might better not have been compiled. If the suggestion were made to Louis Henry Cohn that he ought to construct a bibliography of William Gilmore Simms his reply would doubtless be identical with the tart rejoinder of Ernest Hemingway to Louis Henry Cohn when the latter undertook his admirable Hemingway bibliography. Barton Currie might well prefer sub-Andean exile to the institution of an exhaustive research into the work of John Pendleton Kennedy—let us be grateful, then, for Mr. Currie's valuable handbook of Booth Tarkington. But the supreme value of these studies, and of a score of others that could be listed, is that half a century hence, when Hemingway and Tarkington and O'Neill and Frost and their coevals have been appraised by a segment of posterity, the bibliographies already available will have provided spadework of inestimable value to the definitive scholarship of the 1980's.

There can be no question but that the availability of bibliographies of contemporary authors has been an important stimulus to the collection of the moderns. But in many instances—probably in most—the collecting interest itself operated earlier to provide a legitimate stimulus to the preparation of bibliographies. It is the hen-and-egg cycle over again. And the benign sequence also frequently comes full circle with books of an earlier day. But "Little Women" and its gentle successors will be collected to the end of time, be there ever an Alcott bibliography or no. Happy the collector who is zealous or fortunate enough to own a set whose units approximate pristine condition. The quest must be well nigh vain, and is therefore the more worthy to be prosecuted. For where so fragile an entity as a book is concerned, little women and little men are rarely little ladies and little gentlemen.

J. T. W.

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The AMEN CORNER

"I am; yet what I am none cares or knows—"

This is a line let fall from the asylum where he spent his last days by John Clare, "the Northamptonshire Pheasant," as he once wrote himself. For spelling, punctuation, and grammar were not among his strong points:

"I may alter," he wrote to his publisher, "but I cannot amend; grammar in learning is like tyranny in government—confound the bitch I'll never be her slave."

Clare, next to Burns, was the most remarkable of the Peasant Poets who enjoyed such a vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth century, although he was not included by Southey in *The Lives and Works of the Uneducated Poets.*[1] But after a long wait he is slowly regaining recognition—and there have always been a select few who "cared and knew" what he was. Several years ago Mr. Arthur Symons edited for the Oxford Press a volume of *Select Poems of John Clare.*[2] Last year the same publishers brought out *Sketches in the Life of John Clare,*[3] edited by Edmund Blunden. "The autobiography," said the *New York Times*, "has the radiant simplicity of the man."

The Oxford Press has now published what may well be called his first authentic full-length biography—*John Clare, A Life*, by J. W. and Anne Tibble. His life was a strange one.

"In 1820," the authors remind us, "John Clare took the literary world by storm as the peasant-poet of Northamptonshire. He had then lived for twenty-seven years in the poverty and obscurity which were the natural lot of one born into the lowest stratum of society. In the following pages may be read the story of those years of obscurity, of the swift turn of Fortune's wheel which carried Clare to the dizzy heights of success and fame, of the slow descent on the other side, until after seventeen years, the wheel came full circle and condemned Clare once more to twenty-seven years of obscurity, the grimmer obscurity of an asylum for the insane."

Clare kept a series of note-books and diaries of great charm and interest, and wrote many letters, in addition to the *Sketches*. Wherever possible, the authors have allowed him to tell his own story in his own delightful way in passages now published for the first time.

Here we have the full story of his childhood's delight in field and wood, his early ambitions, his meteoric rise to fame, his friendship with Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Thomas Hood, Barry Cornwall, the strange account his publishers kept with him, the valiant struggle against poverty and neglect, and his ultimate triumph during the long years of Asylum captivity.

"This is a large book," says Mr. J. C. Squire in the *London Daily Telegraph*, "and full of interest for everyone interested in the poetic mind—not to mention the history of reputations."

One of the best appreciations of Clare we know is in Mr. Middleton Murry's *Countries of the Mind.*[4] "The intensity with which he adored the country that he knew is without a parallel in English literature," is one of the memorable things Mr. Murry says about him. Perhaps the best description of Clare is by himself:

"A silent man in life's affairs,
A thinker from a boy,
A peasant in his daily cares,
A poet in his joy."

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK OF THE MONTH: *John Clare, A Life*, by J. W. and Anne Tibble. $3.75.

(1) In the *Oxford Miscellany Series*, $1.25. Send for complete list. 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) Also in the *Oxord Miscellany Series*, $1.25. (3) $2.50. (4) *First Series*, $3.00.

The PHŒNIX NEST

THE astute *Elmer Davis* wafts us the following from Morningside Drive, anent our last week's outburst concerning the English language:

I salute your fortitude in making a rear-guard fight for the correct use of words; but the whole thing reminds me of that legendary Russian wedding party pursued by the wolves. The sledge containing "imply" and "infer" has already been overtaken by the slavering beasts, and I'm afraid we'll never see that pair again. As for "delete" and "expurgate," the young man who confused them would probably have said that the book had been expunged, if he had ever heard of "expunge." And the *Times* is about the only paper hereabouts that can be trusted to be aware of the difference between "flaunt" and "flout."

And what a lot of trouble the Germans made with their concept of autarkeia. The fact that it almost always appears in English as "autarchy"—I have even found it so (*horresco referens*) in the American Oxonian, though that was certainly only the combination of a compositor's error and a proofreader's oversight—but anyway, that would not matter so much, if it were merely a proof that the writer did not know what "Autarkie" means. Unfortunately, the average reader knows what auto and archy mean; so when you say "autarchy" what was merely a fuzzy unawareness in the writer's mind translates itself to the reader as something perfectly clear and completely erroneous.

But what's the use? When I listen to the speech of young people I begin to think that the American language is on its way to becoming something like the Chinese language, a collection of monosyllables whose meaning in any given case is to be inferred from the intonation.

We like the idea of the Equinox Press, though we failed to say anything about them on the twenty-second of September, the date of the Autumnal Equinox. Seven men and women actively identified with New York publishing have banded together to publish important literary contributions (contemporary and otherwise) in volumes of distinguished typography, format, and illustrations. Their first publication is an original essay by *Llewellyn Powys* entitled, "Now That the Gods are Dead," with illustrations by *Lynd Ward.* This will be limited to four hundred copies, signed by both author and artist, and will sell for five dollars. This fall they will bring out four pamphlets containing one poem each, to sell for twenty-five cents. One will be an original poem by *Conrad Aiken*, one by *William Faulkner*, and one a Christmas poem (in an English arrangement) by *Thomas Mann.* Equinox Press was founded by Lynd Ward in association with *John Heins* and *Albert Heckman*, artists; *Lewis F. White*, a professional printer; *Belle Rosenbaum*, one of the members of a metropolitan book review medium; and *Evelyn Harter* and *Henry Hart*, who are connected with well-known New York publishers. The address of the Press is 35 West 21st Street, New York City. . . .

One of the collaborators on the biography of *Pavlova*, the famous dancer of the "Swan," is the grandson of one of New York's most famous engravers of a past generation. He is *John Gill*, the son of *George Metcalf Gill* of the Gill Engraving Company. . . .

Russel Crouse has ravished those beautiful repositories of the past, such as "The Dew Drop," "Affection's Gift," "The Book of the Boudoir, Hints on Etiquette," *Godey's Lady's Book*, *The Amaranth*, and *The Lily*, and has compiled a priceless anthology for Doubleday, Doran, entitled "The American Keepsake." "A cheering and practically unbelievable album." So we say of him and his book, in the glorious lines he quotes from *Mrs. Julia A. Moore*, the Sweet Singer of Michigan:

See the glorious stars and stripes,
Waving over there,
See the starry emblem, friends,
Floating in the air.
Proud it waves o'er our land,
Where it has waved for years,
May every freeman greet that flag
With three rousing cheers!

And after, we are afraid, a great deal of dilatoriness, we wish to present what we think is a *real* poem by a young poet, *Groff Conklin*, whose words we have quoted before in this column. Mr. Conklin's title for it is "May It Be So":

If ever there is rapture in the earth,
I think that I shall find it at the end
when I am dead: for then the honest worth
of being atom I shall know; as friend
shall I know all the ultimate division .
Now being man, I am too much confused
by mortal plot and mortal incohesion;
but when the last drop of despair is used;
the last laugh spent; the last deceitfulness
of being human gone: I then shall know
in dissolution, what I cannot guess
in being whole: Peace. May it be so.

At which point the epistolary *George Frisbee*, of Octavia Street, San Francisco, comes forward with new and esoteric matter, deserting for a while his zoölogical researches:

Closely allied to zoölogy are nomenclature and genealogy. To verify the professorial dictum that Shakespeare killed calves in high style, I traced the ancestry of a coetaneous Stratford butcher, one Will Aftergood. What a delightful study in the metamorphosis of a patronymic it was! Perpend!

Centuries ago when a beast was slaughtered, the hinds were permitted to scramble for the entrails. Epicures among them fought for the bum-gut, a Lucullan delicacy. A sturdy fellow finally defeated all contenders and won the exclusive bum-gut privilege. And ever after was called "Bum gut."

The family bore that name contentedly until along in the fourteenth century a daughter of the house complained that its crudity cramped her matrimonial chances. A family council selected "Aftergut," as sufficiently distinctive and more euphonious because of the extra syllable.

Trailing the Afterguts, who stuck to slaughtering, we find that in 1492 Henry VII journeying through Stratford-upon-Avon, watched lusty Will Aftergut kill a calf. His Majesty, who loved good workmanship, pronounced Will's work good and by Royal Warrant accorded him the right to bear the name "Aftergood."

Stratford in mid-sixteenth century was but a hamlet and there are grave doubts in professorial circles that it needed two slaughterers. I am inclined to assume, and I feel that I am probably correct in agreeing with Herr Professor Lehrkopf in his aggressive supposition, that it was an Aftergood, and not William Shakespeare, who killed the calf.

It is interesting to note that one of the new Modern Library releases is a compilation of the Writings of *Karl Marx*, selected and edited by *Max Eastman.* This book has had an advance sale of over 5,000 copies! With it is included an unpublished essay on Marxism by *Lenin.* Every thinking person should be familiar with the theories Marx promulgated. In the old days, when so many young people down in the Village sat up all night talking about Marx, it was true that only about one out of a hundred had ever read him. But at that time Marx's "Das Kapital" was a large and unwieldly tome. Now you can slip the Modern Library volume into your pocket,—or under your pillow, and sleep on it! . . .

Next Thursday, November 10th, the Authors' Club will give a dinner at the Hotel Brevoort, Fifth Avenue at Eighth Street, in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. This is the oldest active literary organization in America, as it was organized in 1882 by *Richard Watson Gilder, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edward Eggleston*, and *Noah Brooks.* At its evening dinner Dr. *John Erskine* will preside, and among the speaker guests will be Governor *Wilbur L. Cross* of Connecticut, editor of the *Yale Review; William Lyon Phelps; Burton J. Hendrick*, author of the new biography of *Andrew Carnegie* who bequeathed a quarter of a million dollars to the Authors Club, the income from which is used to aid authors; *T. S. Eliot*, who now occupies the chair of Poetry at Harvard; *Allan Nevins*, historian and author of the new life of *Grover Cleveland; Ida M. Tarbell*, the first woman to be made a member of the Club; *Ellis Parker Butler*, the humorist; *David Morton*, poet and professor of modern literature at Amherst; and *Rupert Hughes*, novelist and playwright. Certainly a distinguished list! . . .

G. H. Danton, head of the Department of German at Oberlin College, writes us:

I am very much intrigued at your implication of Chinese influence in the word "yen" in your column of this current week. The etymology of the American slang term has puzzled me a good deal. Perhaps you know Chinese (as I happen to) and therefore are aware that there is a Chinese word "yin" which means desire, passion or lust. I have always supposed that the American slang term was a mere coincidence. Do you know any better, or was your suggestion about Chinese a joke? Of course the Japanese "yen," the unit of currency, is the Chinese word "yüan" which is now used for the dollar, and originally means round, but perhaps you know all this already. I should be glad if you have any data on the origin of our slang expression. . . .

Eleanor A. Chaffee of Ridgewood, New Jersey, contributes the following Autumn poem:

MEMORANDUM IN A CITY

A country man welcomes fall as one who lays
Apples away in bins, or on a shelf.
No dark destruction gnaws his busy days
Or strikes the steel into his bitter self.
Only the city bred, who look on trees
Shrivelled by drought and hopeless as dry bones,
Shiver to see the frost outlined on these
Helpless and meagre branches fed on stones.
Towers of granite can ignore the change,
But he who built them pauses in the street,
Knowing that all about him has grown strange,
Feeling the restlessness upon his feet,
As old trails, fathom-deep in iron and rust,
Sense the cold wind that beat them into dust.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

NORTH CAROLINA

Agatha Boyd Adams concentrates on Chapel Hill. She tells us of the Bull's Head Bookshop there, of "a table heaped with North Carolina products, not the kind you see at a county fair, but the generous mixture of crafts and books. The dull blue scarves woven by mountain women furnish a fine background for yellow and orange pottery from the sand hills and pewter bowls made by a Chapel Hill craftsman." She notes further:—

Among these tempting objects are scattered books by native sons—mostly by *Paul Green*. There are also several editions of Carolina Folk Plays, and the acting edition of *Loretto Bailey's* mill village play, "Job's Kinfolk." Perhaps the most unique display on this table is a mimeographed edition of *Lamar Stringfield's* opera, "Mountain Song," which had its first production in Chapel Hill. *Mary Dirnberger*, who manages the Bull's Head, is also a talented designer of scenery. She planned the very effective set for the Alcestis of Euripides, which the Playmakers produced in the stadium of the University of North Carolina one moonlit night last July. Miss Dirnberger says that the best seller in her bookshop during the past year was "Alice in Wonderland"—and that surely is news among booksellers!

Philips Russell, biographer of *Benjamin Franklin*, is now on the faculty of the University of North Carolina, teaching creative writing. He is at work on a series of biographies of men who have reaped the harvest their predecessors sowed, perhaps to be called "Harvest Men."

And *Iris Grannis*, of Tryon, supplemented this information with the appended:—

You may recall the fact that *Sidney Lanier* died in a farmhouse at Lynn, a tiny hamlet just outside of Tryon, N. C., in 1881. Mrs. Lanier and two sons lived in Tryon for twenty years. His son and namesake, *Sidney Lanier Jr.*, was one of the first to attempt grape growing on a large scale in the Thermol Belt which surrounds Tryon. Today it is one of the principal industries of this section. Tryon grapes and vineyards are famous everywhere. The terraced vineyards growing row above row up the steep sides of the mountains are beautiful and interesting. They bear witness to the foresight of the son of the beloved Southern poet.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Josephine Pinckney has acted as reporter for us at the Southern writers' conference. She sends us word that a certain group of Southern writers, which to the everlasting discomfort of reporters refuses to be classified with a name, met in Charleston on the twenty-first and twenty-second of October for purposes that would be equally hard to classify. This was their second meeting, the same company, substantially, having held a conference at the University of Virginia last Fall. The program consisted of two group-discussions, visits to Magnolia Gardens and Middleton Place, a harbor trip to Fort Sumter, and other social diversions.

Any account of the views expressed at this meeting is made difficult by the general disagreement on all subjects of the writers attending. *Laurence Stallings* talked with his immense verve and gusto about his stay in Hollywood and the possibilities latent in the moving pictures; apropos of the current gathering he seemed to feel that the significant thing about it was the dissimilarity of the individual members. *Mary Johnston* averred that the general discussions could accomplish little, since writers so diverse as these would have nothing of value to tell each other—a remark notably modest when it is considered that this charming and quiet woman has seen the sales of her novel, "To Have and to Hold," pass the million mark; but she felt that too careless an individualism would destroy certain impalpable values to be gained by the meeting of people with apposite aims and problems. To Julia Peterkin the advantage of such meetings lay in the purely social pleasure of seeing in person writers whose works she had admired and in finding that theye were on the whole an agreeable cluster. Such general opinions as seemed to emerge from individuals as to the value of future meetings of this sort crystallized into the persuasion that they should remain *conversazione* with professional benefits accruing as by-products when they would.

Donald Adams, who was present in his editorial capacity, discussed the Fall booklist which he thought the most important in many years. There was some informal exchange of opinion on the perennial question of whether the South should go into the publishing business, and it was more or less agreed that there was nothing to be gained, *Donald Davidson* dissenting. Other writers who added to the gayety of the occasion were *Gerald Johnson*, *James Southall Wilson*, *Katherine* and *Struthers Burt*, *Emily Clark*, *Irita van Doren*, *Stringfellow Barr*, *Helen Stallings*, the *Maristan Chapmans*, *Edwin Bjorkman*, *Fanny Butcher*, *Walter* and *Bernice Kenyon Gilkyson*, *William E. Dodd*. Eleven Charleston writers were hosts to the house party,—*Beatrice Ravenel*, *Clements* and *Katherine Ripley*, *DuBose* and *Dorothy Heyward*, *Samuel Gaillard Stoney*, *Herbert Ravenel Sass*, *William W. Ball*, *Alfred Huger*, *Thomas R. Waring*, and *Josephine Pinckney*.

An invitation to the group from the University of the South to meet next Fall at Sewanee, Tennessee, was referred to the central committee for decision at its spring meeting.

NEBRASKA

Helen Geneva Masters contributes from Nebraska:—

As to fiction, we long for another "Good Earth." "The Wild Orchid" left us a little cold after Madame Undset's earlier books. Many are still reading "The Fountain" (Morgan), "Bright Skin" (Peterkin), and "Three Loves" (Cronin). "State Fair" (Stong), though approved by one or two of our literary bell-wethers, has not yet swung into popular favor. We read "Black Elk Speaks," but not primarily because Nebraska named its author, John G. Neihardt, Poet Laureate. Other books we borrow first and buy afterwards are "Nonsuch" (Beebe), "Lives" (Eckstein), and "What We Live By" (Dimnet.)

Three literary contests sponsored by Nebraska organizations are: Substantial cash prizes given by the Omaha Women's Press Club for creative writing: a fifty-dollar poetry prize announced by The Nebraska Writers' Guild, for which any U. S. resident is eligible to compete (Rules may be obtained from Theodore C. Diers, Station A, Lincoln, Nebr.) and a first contest announced by The Prairie Playmakers, a society recently formed, limiting contestants to residents of Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri. For rules, apply to Prairie Playmakers, Hospe Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

VIRGINIA

And *William Staples*, of Bear Island, explains to us just what "in Virginia" means:—

Imagine a map of the present day United States, a pictorial map, embellished with colors and little drawings to illustrate the geography of things literary. See what a blot of mist gray, monotonously like so many other states, Virginia is, prinked with color in only two spots, one at Richmond, by a miniature vermilion portrait of James Branch Cabell, and one at Marion, a tiny, pale red picture of Sherwood Anderson running his two country newspapers. The rest is low fog, conglomeration of ladies editing sentimental old memoirs, gentlemen still composing epics about the civil war, and quaint prose-poets singing the hazy beauties of the scenery. But apparently a few Virginians are finding their patience exhausted. There was a little renaissance last year when *Mrs. Lefroy Caperton* brought out her exquisite "Legends of Virginia" and presented the state with a rare quintessence of the old local stories she chose to remember. An M.D., *Dr. Wyndham Blanton*, with his splendid "Medicine in Virginia in the Eighteenth Century," split the fog this spring, exposing a distinctly trenchant mind, a keen sense of history, and a very lively pen. The normally modest Richmond publishing house, Garret & Massie, besides making Dr. Blanton into a very handsome book, found a chance to practise fine design in *Kate Doggett Boggs's* little marvel of antiquarianism, "Prints and Plants of Old Gardens," with a text as incredible as the plates. Indeed, Garrett & Massie seem to be the vehicle for the most interesting things we are having.

WISCONSIN

Helen Van Valkenburgh (Mrs. Walter Williams of New York) grew up in Milwaukee and has used some Wisconsin background for her novel, **"The Turnpike." Her publishers, Pegasus, New York, seem to be delaying its publication.**

Joseph Auslander was a headliner when the Wisconsin Library Association met at Appleton in early October.

Authors contributed copies for an auction held during the Wisconsin Library Association's meeting noted above. Sinclair Lewis didn't have time to send a book, but sent his check for five dollars.

Two years ago when *Kitty Finger*, the attractive daughter of *Charles J. Finger*, Fayetteville, Arkansas author, graduated from Knox College, an LL.D. was given to Mr. Finger. This year, when his son Charles graduated from the University of Arkansaw, another LL.D. was conferred upon Mr. Finger.

A group of plays by Wisconsin authors is to be published by *Ethel Rockwell*, Assistant Professor of Speech and Chief of the Bureau of Dramatic Activities of the Extension Division at the University of Wisconsin. The volume will include plays by Ina Barnes, Hiram Mansfield, Mrs. Carl Felton, and Mrs. Sari Szakely. Miss Rockwell's last published work was "Wisconsin Rural Plays" (Dramatic Publishing Company.)

A. J. Villiers, author of "Falmouth for Orders," "Sea Dogs of Today," and other books dealing with the sea, has started on a new adventure in the four-masted barque *Parma*, of which he is part-owner. He is making a cinematograph record of his voyage.

PERSONALS

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